Saturday Review

APRIL 18, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

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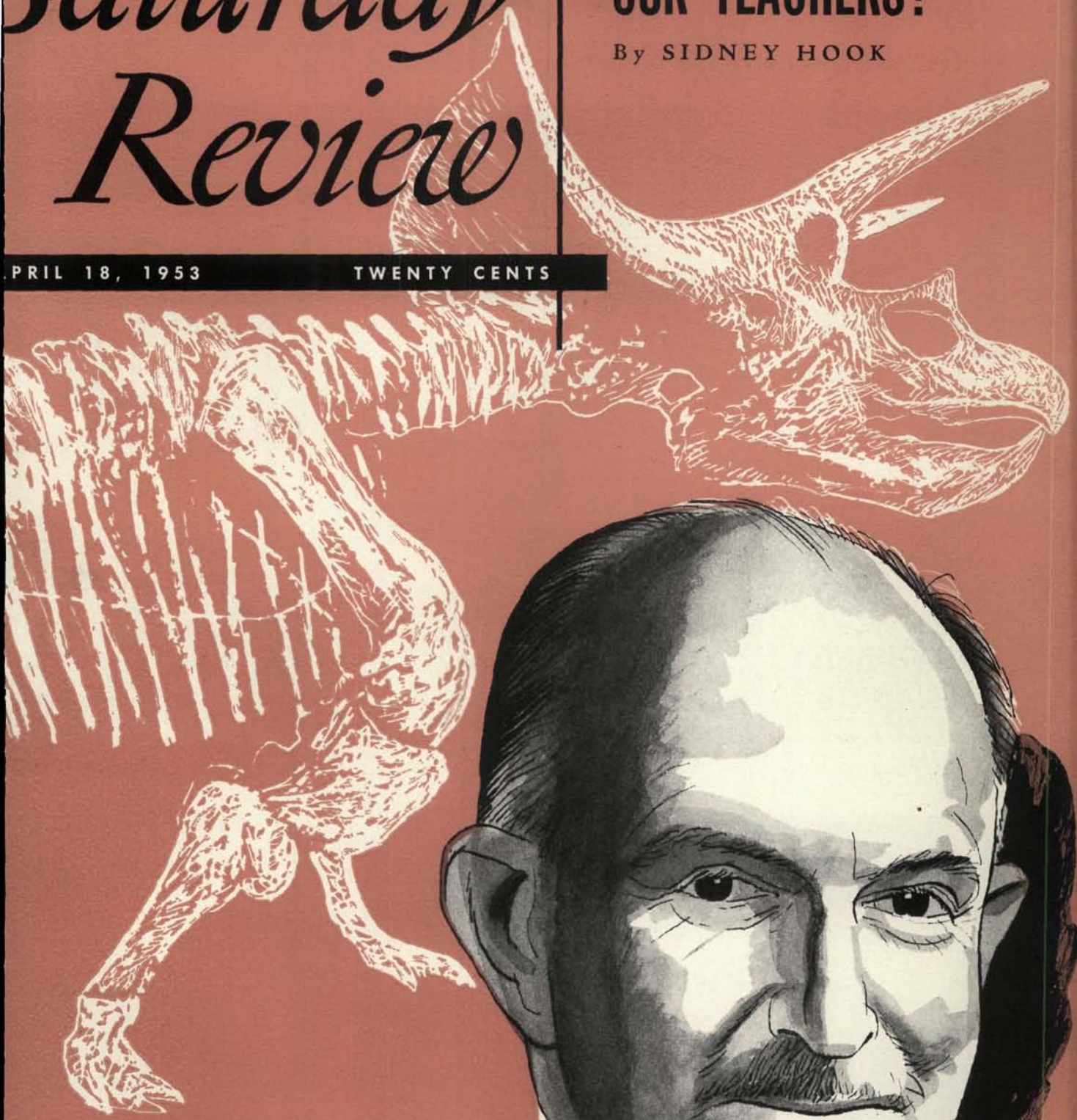
By SIDNEY HOOK



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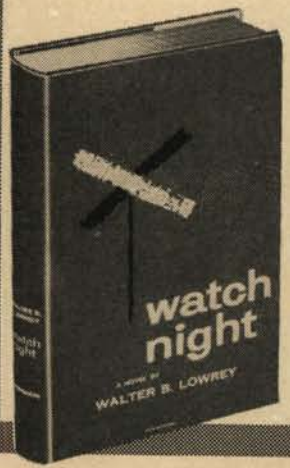

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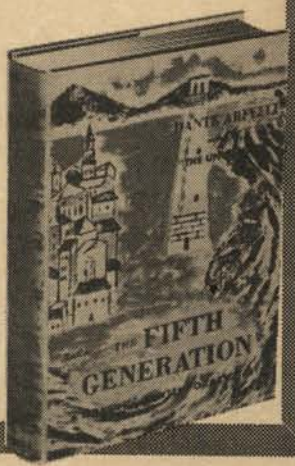

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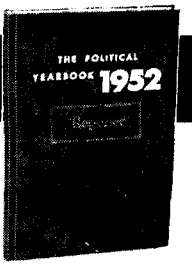

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SR/BOOKS

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An Essay-Review by Edmund W. Sinnott .....

HOOFED MAMMALS OF THE WORLD, by Ugo Mochi and T. Donald Carter
Reviewed by Ivan T. Sanderson .....

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Good News

▶ A self-service honor-system book shop—believed to be the first in an American college — was recently opened at the Hamilton College Library in Clinton, N. Y. Constructed like a reading room, the shop will handle good literature in reprint editions and will enable students to browse at will. Purchases will be paid for into an open cash box, thus saving the cost of clerks. According to the librarian, the project was initiated to provide good literature cheaply in comfortable, convenient surroundings.

▶ Among thirty-one Danish heroes who recently received Carnegie Foundation Awards was three-year-old Svend Erik Klausen of Thisted in Jutland, who was awarded 200 kröner for saving the life of Elin, his girl friend of the same age. After Elin had disappeared into a neighbor's fish pond and he had hauled her out by the collar the young hero asked: "Do you know why there are fish in the water? That's to see if any people have fallen in."

▶ In Washington, D. C., First Lt. Fae M. Adams of San José, Calif., was recently sworn in as the first woman physician ever to hold a regular Army commission. Dr. Adams was one of twenty women reserve medical officers now on active duty with the Army.

▶ Two American scientists recently won a Norwegian science prize of $1,400 in an international essay contest on methods of research into the problem of peace. Prof. William F. Cottrell and Prof. Quincy Wright shared the first prize out of twenty-five participants in the contest sponsored by the Institute of Social Research of Oslo, Norway.

▶ Australian research workers in Queensland have now found a cure for a virus disease which causes ratoon stunting of cane crops. It is estimated that production will now be increased by 40,000 tons yearly.

▶ In Jackson, Mich., convict-author Stephen J. Schmiedl pledged one-third of the royalties from his newly published book to help rebuild the riot-scarred Jackson Prison chapel. A leader in the 1930 Ohio State Penitentiary mutiny, Schmiedl refused to take part in last April's four-day rioting at Jackson Prison when fellow-inmates caused considerable damage to the institution and its religious chapel.

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PICKING UP THE PIECES

IF YOU LOVED some of Sinclair Lewis's books and loathed others, if you were bewildered by the complexities and contradictions in his mercurial personality, "The Man from Main Street," a volume lovingly put together from his own writings by two devoted friends, may well put your thoughts about him in order. Lewis was not only one of America's great authors of the post-World War I period; he was a sparkling satirist, an unswerving if demanding friend, and a man who knew and loved everything connected with the world of good books. Highlights in "The Man from Main Street" are "Two Yale Men in Utopia" (Lewis's own experiences as janitor at Upton Sinclair's ill-starred experiment in communal living); the never-before printed introduction he wrote and then withdrew from "Babbitt"; "Self Portrait: Berlin," written in 1927 and revealing his uncanny power of self-analysis; and, finally, a piece that I think will appeal to publishing folk most of all: a memoir of his own early days in the trade, written some thirty years later, in 1946. The editors of "The Man from Main Street" think that too little tribute is paid to publishers' assistants and to "that strange and temperamental genius, the publisher's book traveler." Lewis knew their prima-donna qualities and appreciated their position as indispensable envoys to the trade.

I am pleased to reprint Sinclair Lewis's publishing memoir herewith:

> Over thirty years ago, back in 1914 and 1915, there were three young editors for publishers who used to meet at lunch at the aged Grand Hotel, and try to steal ideas from one another. There was one editor for Holt, who was going to stay with that firm forever and become its president; the editor for Doubleday, whose liveliest interest was in magazine stories; the editor for George H. Doran—later a large, clear tributary of the rolling Mississippi flood of the new Doubleday—who had tried to be a writer of fiction and had given up that folly forever and wistfully hoped some day to be George Doran's partner (in charge of author-lunching and London-trips).
>
> The names of these three young men (well, along about thirty) were Alfred Harcourt, Harry Maule, and Sinclair Lewis, and all of us turned deftly from manuscript reading to writing advertisements and jolly little publicity notes to the effect that Wratislaw Pallister-Wallow, the English detective-story manufacturer, was fond of cats and Brussels sprouts, which, in those days, was our notion of hysterical press-agentry.
>
> There were no page-advertisements of single (and not very good) books; no book clubs; certainly no radio programs on which authors disputed their rather doubtful right to live. In one quarter-page notice I would list twenty new books, each of them with no more descriptive text than "'Amusing Story,' *N. Y. Herald.*" Sometimes I think that this was excellent; that the danger today is of too-much, too-commercial exploitation of books, to the end that they shall become almost as profitable and dreary as blue razor blades and three-way cough cures. And I note that the "historical novels" which we were so naive as to produce then were certainly less offensive than the much touted treatises on immorals at the court of King Charles which today are solemnly published even by the worthiest firms.
>
> But one thing in publishing today is vastly better: the hospitality to the young writer, even to him who as yet shows only unripened promise. In most firms, thirty years ago such an aspirant would have been able to see only an eye-glassed iceberg who wanted to give him back to the office boy, but now, if he has completed so much as the dedication page and half the title, he is likely to be invited by the president of the firm himself to go out and enact a few scenes from "The Lost Weekend."
>
> In my day of publishing, a young author's suggestion that an advance would enable him to complete his half-finished novel would have been countered by dropping him out of the window—and some of our publishing houses were way, way up three or four stories up, in the twelve-story skyscrapers of that era. Now, it is just as likely to be the publisher himself who suggests an advance—and how wrong he is, too at times!
>
> We were still, thirty years ago letting ourselves be warmly mothered by Britain. A good author meant an English author, and there was something comic, to most publishers then, in the vanity of a youngster so bumptious as to think that a first-rate American author might be almost as good as a fift

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The Merton sketch. (See below)

rate English author. Sound publishers then went twice a year to London, and came proudly back with the latest tea-and-lilacs romance of Mr. Littleton Pagways (aunt of the Vicar of Twit) and the new volume of "Travels in Burma" by General Sir Victor Llewellyn, and never knew that in a college twenty miles away or a Greenwich Village flat a mile away or at a desk in his own office thirty feet away was an unknown boy or girl who was a neater and vastly more important writer than all save ten or fifteen of England's best.

If we lacked then some of these modernities, we did have in the pre-Anschluss Doran one thing that cannot be improved today: a selling staff that, without page-ads or radio roars to back them, were a perfect Foreign Legion among the heathen. Billy Corrigan, who knew the numbers and ages of children of every store-buyer from Camden, Maine, to San Socratio, the swift and quiet and efficient Bob Hayes, Rotch Drake, who was equally good at selling our "religious lines" to pious buyers and at passing the latest Broadway anecdote on to provincial golf-clubs, and Eddie Ziegler, the baby of the lot, so youthfully enthusiastic that he not only loved selling books but did not mind reading them—I do not think that any new atomic-power methods can produce a greater corps.

Alas, I am getting over my publishing days. They are so far back now that I am beginning to be able to like some authors—a few of them—provided I do not have to do business with them!

THOMAS MERTON, the hard-living young man who turned his back on the world to become a Trappist monk at Kentucky's Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, and subsequently wrote three rousing best sellers in a row (the latest of which is "The Sign of Jonas"), drew the sketch reproduced herewith to accompany a review by William Habich for the *Louisville Courier-Journal.* Merton emphasized the fact that the drawing was *not* to be represented as a "self-portrait."

TIDE MAGAZINE has been keeping tabs on an NBC vice president who has followed a ritual during his morning dictation as rigid and mysterious as Trappist Monk Merton's himself. "Every morning," notes *Tide,* this sturdy executive "begins dictating at 9:45 on the dot. At precisely 10:10 he gets up from his desk, wanders casually to the window, and continues dictating, sometimes lapsing into

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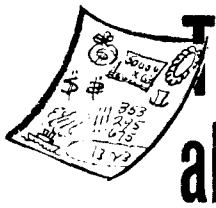
thoughtful silence. For years, his faithful secretary put it down as just one of those executive idiosyncrasies to be borne, or else divined it some form of back exercise. Anyway, she let matters go on like this until one day, not long ago, her boss joined the ranks of those staying out a day or so with the flu. At precisely 10:10, our girl found herself inexplicably drawn to the window of her absent boss and, with one glance, solved the riddle of the daily trip to the window. Directly below—and at just the right angle for perfect vision—there happens to be the Rockettes' dressing room, which at 10:10 each morning is filled with romping chorus girls somewhere between skivvies and shifts before their morning rehearsal."

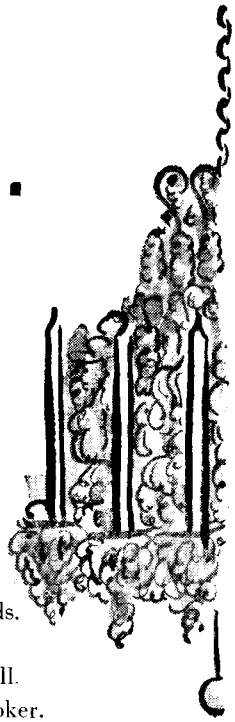
ON APRIL 20, HARCOURT, BRACE is publishing Reginald Pound's biography of Arnold Bennett, and because one paragraph therein reveals that it was Fred Melcher, a clerk in Lauriat's bookstore in Boston in 1908, who "discovered" "The Old Wives' Tale" and sent it winging on its way to success, the venerable Mr. M., now head of *Publishers' Weekly* and richly endowed with the world's goods, has been persuaded to participate in the proceedings. For a single day—Friday, April 17 (just about the time you'll be reading this column)—Fred will take up his old stand at Lauriat's, and along with two fellow clerks from the 1908 days who still are on the Lauriat staff (David Mitchell and George Sawyer) will dole out copies of the Bennett biography as fast as the customers demand same. Nor do I doubt that he will take cash for a new Bible—or even "Good for a laugh"—if somebody presses it on him. Sordid commercial details completed, master-publicist Anne Ford will shepherd her little flock to the Dickens Room at the Parker House for a nostalgic gab fest and a wee drop of spirits. . . . In Chicago the Women's National Book Association, in cooperation with the University of Chicago, has instituted a lecture-discussion course on all phases of book merchandising. There will be eight weekly sessions, all under the direction of one of the most dynamic and successful booksellers in the country: Max Siegel. Further details are available from Jane Ross, at the U. of Chicago Bookstore, 5802 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 37. . . .

In Chicago, too, I heard a piteous tale from a poor soul on the rewrite desk of what I believe is called the world's greatest newspaper. "Ten years ago," he sighed, "I married a girl who looked like a siren. Now she just sounds like one."

—BENNETT CERF.



The Dowager was always doodling...



It got to be almost embarrassing. The same old thing at dinner, shows, the concert.

First, the far-away look, then the search for a pencil, then napkins and programs scribbled all over.

Finally, daughter got wise, slipped a sample in her bag, took it off to a doodle doctor.

And she was glad she did.

Because he diagnosed the trouble in a hurry. Like a lot of other people these days, her mother was simply worried about money. That's all.

For years she'd been living on her investments . . . got along nicely with her governments and triple-A bonds.

But now she was feeling the pinch. Her income was fixed, her living costs rising, her doodling—no help at all.

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Some broker, who would be glad to prepare a sound over-all program that would meet her specific needs—without undue risk to her capital . . .

Some broker, perhaps, like Merrill Lynch.

Because we've always said we'll do all we can to help any investor with his particular problem.

Whether he wants current facts about one stock or ten . . .

A thorough review of an entire portfolio . . .

Or specific suggestions on just what to buy with any specific sum.

There's no charge for this service, no obligation either.

If it seems useful to you—doodler or not—simply write to—

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MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

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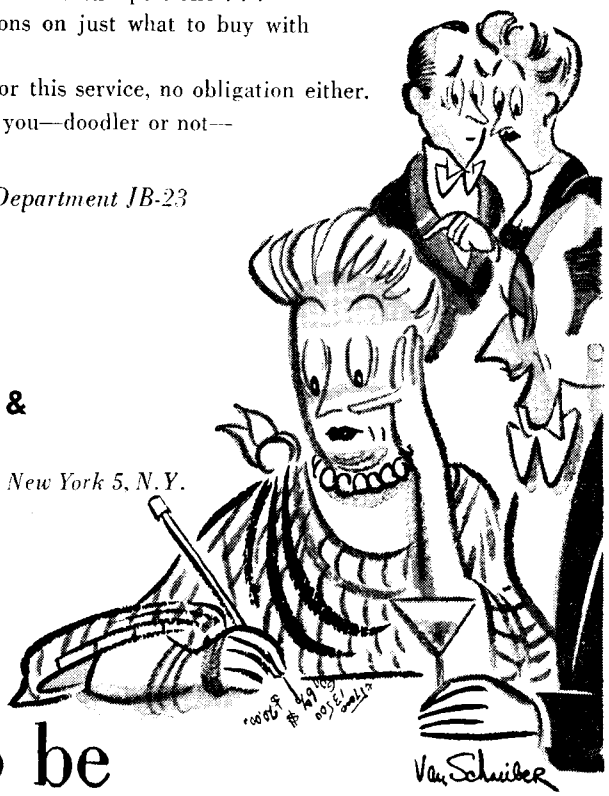

It got to be almost embarrassing...

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A few months ago nobody at Simon and Schuster could pronounce, spell, or identify, let alone *find a book by* the distinguished contemporary Greek author,

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS

who was nominated last year for the Nobel Prize for Literature, not by his fellow-Greeks, but by the Norwegians. (He missed it by one vote and he has just been nominated again).

Now, as we publish, with pride and with gusto, his new novel

ZORBA THE GREEK

—we find ourselves engulfed by a tidal wave of English and European superlatives.*

RACY, ROBUST, RABELAISIAN are the phrases most persistently lavished upon Kazantzakis for "narrative prose that is sheer poetry," for the classic (we almost said *pure*) form of this picaresque tale, drunk with the dance of life, for the impromptu adult delinquencies of Zorba, the fabulous vagabond-hero.

☛ KAZANTZAKIS HAS CREATED IN ZORBA ONE OF THE GREAT CHARACTERS OF MODERN FICTION.—*The Times Literary Supplement (London)*

Reviewer after reviewer has compared *Zorba the Greek* with

DON QUIXOTE and **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS**

plus evocations of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer and Byron.*

☛ SHORT SUMMARY BY THE AFOREMENTIONED PROUD AND UNDERSTANDABLY EXCITED PUBLISHERS: Philanderer, hedonist, raconteur and roué, the ageless Zorba makes havoc of monks, tells wild stories of his erotic adventures, rebukes and humiliates his book-worm companions for their cloistered and tepid timidities.

Critic after critic has openly compared Zorba with

SINBAD THE SAILOR and **FALSTAFF**

—with Panurge, Sancho Panza, and Odysseus thrown in for good measure.

For this lovable wanderer who listens obediently only to the fiery music of his own heart

LIFE IS A FEAST to be savored,

and nature a woman to be loved — "wearing a flowery green apron."

☛ Zorba the Greek is a novel sweet and elate with sunlight, friendship and happiness, with a life full of both sensations and thoughts; it is, in every sense, a minor classic, and Zorba, one feels, is among the significant and permanent characters in modern fiction."—*The New Statesman*

We at S & S believe that booksellers will find *Zorba the Greek* a sheer joy to sell, or the customer** gets his money back ($3.50 per copy) from

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—ESSANDESS.

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The Saturday Review

Can We Trust Our Teachers?

SIDNEY HOOK

Sidney Hook

ACADEMIC freedom is a specific kind of freedom. It is the freedom of professionally qualified persons to inquire, discover, publish, and teach the truth as they see it in the field of their competence, without any control or authority except the control or authority of the rational methods by which truth is established. Insofar as it acknowledges intellectual discipline or restraint from a community, it is only from the community of qualified scholars which accepts the authority of rational inquiry.

Like every other freedom, academic freedom, although it has an intrinsic value, is not absolute. It must be judged by its consequences on a whole cluster of other freedoms (values). The *justification* of academic freedom must therefore lie in its fruits.

Before going on to treat of its justifications, a word or two must be said of the relationship between academic freedom and other civil freedoms. A large measure of academic freedom may exist even in the absence of widely distributed civil freedoms. The slaves who were sometimes used as pedagogues in ancient Greece and Rome may have been given freedom to teach some disciplines as they thought best. Within the framework of certain key assumptions of Christian doctrine, a considerable degree of academic freedom was enjoyed by the medieval university at a time when civil freedoms for the citizens of the community was hardly an embryonic concept. In the German Empire although the traditions of *Lern und Lehr Freiheit* were somewhat circumscribed by the royal will, university professors enjoyed a greater academic freedom than that possessed at the time by professors in more democratic countries like England and the United States.

On the other hand, where academic freedom does not exist in secular institutions or is severely limited in institutions of higher learning, civil liberties are not likely to flourish. This is a matter of degree and historic context depending upon the grounds for the restriction. In the United States, the two main causes, until quite recently, for restriction upon academic freedom were religious unorthodoxy or disbelief and unconventional personal or moral behavior. In the latter case it was not what the professor believed or taught which was found objectionable but something about his personal life. Conditions varied from section to section, and sometimes from one university to another. In Southern universities doctrines and practices would not be tolerated which were matters of course in the North. In the past, metropolitan universities have, on the whole, extended the largest measure of freedom to teachers, partly because their presidents were men of sufficient distinction to prevent Boards of Trustees from interfering with the details of the educational process; partly because life in a large city allowed an anonymity impossible in the small town; partly because the large university was more conscious of public relations and tolerated many things in order to avoid scandal; and partly because administrators accepted the ideals of academic freedom.

In virtue of the remission of taxes and other privileges extended to it, every university is a semi-public institution subsisting to some extent upon public largesse. It receives complete or partial support from the community. No college or university of quality can flourish on an income derived *solely* from student fees. In many situations it seems reasonable to expect that those who carry the burden of support of an institution should be entitled to lay down or control its policies. But academic situations are not among them. The presupposition of academic freedom is that whatever administrative control may legitimately be exercised by any Board of Trustees, Governors, or Regents on university policy, it cannot be extended to limit the right of the faculty, as individuals and groups, to pursue, publish, and teach the truth as it sees fit. From this it follows at once that the conditions and enforcement of the rules of tenure must ultimately lie in the hand of the faculty.

Why should the community recognize the validity of this claim to aca-

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Sidney Hook is professor of philosophy at New York University and author of "Education for Modern Man" among other books. This article is drawn from "Heresy Yes, Conspiracy No," to be published May 7 by The John Day Company.

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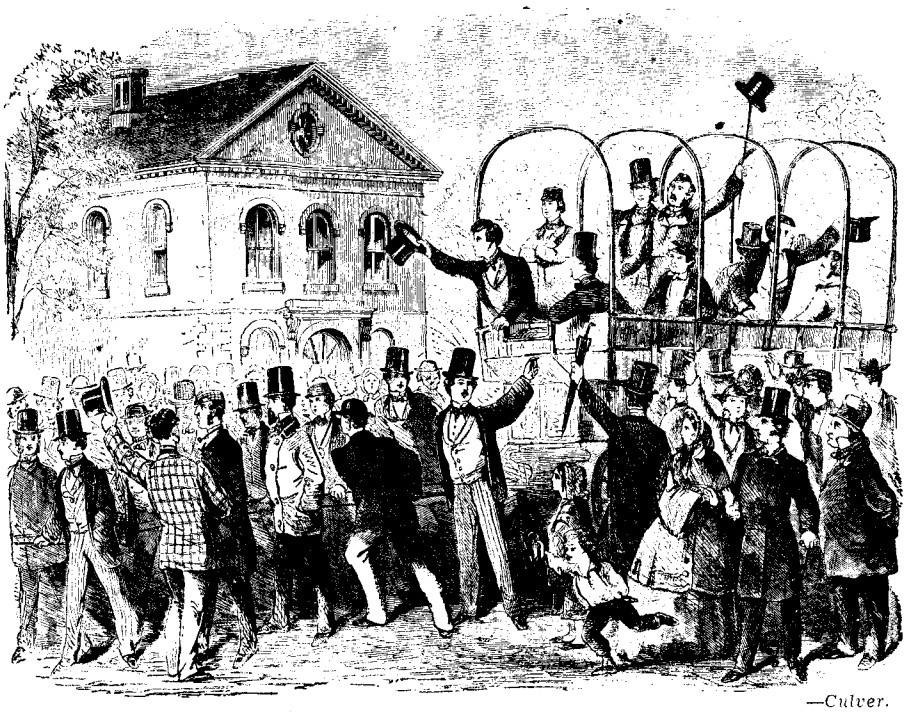

—Culver.

The riot at Cambridge over a nineteenth-century heresy.

demic freedom? The main reason is that in this way new truth and new knowledge is won more easily than if any specific doctrine or dogma is laid down as an inviolable guide. The history of thought is to a large extent the history of intellectual mutation and heresy. The discipline of reflective inquiry, of experiment, and critical discussion is a severe test on claims to truth. To add to these tests external, and therefore irrelevant, criteria is to establish needless obstacles to the growth of human knowledge.

Second, insofar as wisdom lies in the intelligent choice of alternatives, academic freedom by enabling alternative policies to be stated, and by permitting inquiry into facts which are relevant to decisions of policy, contributes to the development of human wisdom. The very independence the university extends to the scholar offers us a better assurance that his judgment will be objective than if he held his post on condition that he accepted certain dogmas whose truth he could not question. His independence and training fit him especially for objective judgment on those controversial issues which arouse and sometimes divide the community.

Third, although there is no guarantee that freedom to inquire and teach insures the solution of technical problems in medicine, engineering, economics, and other applied disciplines, it provides a climate more hospitable to fresh vision and invention in these fields than would be found in its absence. The universities supply society with its great specialists.

Fourth, academic freedom, permitting challenge, question, and debate, subject to no authority but intelligence, develops a critical temper among students without which they cannot achieve intellectual maturity. In an era where propaganda and advertising are highly developed techniques of eliciting non-rational consent to propositions of dubious character, the desirability of intellectual sophistication can hardly be overestimated.

Finally, limitations today upon academic freedom *tend* to weaken the vitality of intellectual and cultural freedom in the community at large. Where safety and conformity are the rule in institutions of higher learning, apathy and indifference will often be found in the public market place of ideas, too. This was not always the case in the past, as the history of ideas in England shows.

All of these justifications, and no complete list has been intended, have one thing in common. They point to the fact that academic freedom exists not merely for the sake of the professor but for the sake of the community also, and that its ultimate fruits are to be found not in the private, professional delight of the connoisseur of ideas, although this has merit, too, but in the public good which includes, let us hope, the multiplied private delights of others besides professors.

That academic freedom is something which concerns others besides the academic community is the source of a two-fold responsibility—of the general community to the academic community, and of the academic community to the general community. This two-fold responsibility is not always recognized.

This two-fold responsibility would not exist, or it would take a radically different form, if the college and university functioned as a business or profit-making institution without any public subsidy whatsoever or any remission of taxation. In such a situation, subject only to the laws against fraud, the institution would function as a business. Those who were dissatisfied with it would cease to patronize it. On the other hand, members of the faculty would have no claim upon the community for any help or support.

But no liberal educational institution of any worth functions as a business or factory. The academic freedom and tenure of its faculty (for without security of tenure academic freedom is a myth) cannot depend upon the "gate receipts." In the last analysis only the general community can underwrite them. The plain fact is that no educational system can be completely autonomous of the community which directly or indirectly supports it.

IF the public community cannot claim absolute right to control of the educational process neither can the academic community claim the absolute right to carry on its activities independently of its effects on the community. There are two generic conditions under which the community can legitimately limit the academic freedom of an educational institution: (a) if it could be established that it was unable to achieve its proper educational goals—the advancement of learning, the encouragement of insight and creativity, and the transmission of the knowledge, skills, and values which constitute the minimum indispensables of a liberal and professional education, and (b) if despite the achievement of these goals, it violated other moral values which on reflection appear more weighty or fundamental.

Despite current detractors of American higher education, there is no valid empirical evidence that American colleges and universities are failing to achieve the ends of the democratic educational process. Whatever shortcomings and limitations exist can be remedied by the autonomous activities of the educational profession itself. Indeed, during the last two decades the most impressive curricular changes have been introduced throughout the country. Never in the history of American education have teachers been so intent on defining, implementing and testing the objec-

(*Continued on page* 45)

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The Bones We Leave Behind

EDMUND W. SINNOTT

THE fascination that antiques possess for almost everyone lies, I believe, in the power of these venerable artifacts to help our lagging imagination picture more vividly the ancient days in which they first were used. Fossils, those antiques of nature, perform for us a similar service, but the past they interpret to our minds stretches back not a few centuries but an almost inconceivable span measured in millions of years. For one who learns to comprehend it, this tremendous drama of the history of life upon our globe transcends all others in its interest. The curtain has not yet gone down upon it, and its third act, its climax, we ourselves are playing now.

George Gaylord Simpson's "Life of the Past"* unfolds the great panorama through a study of life's fossil remains. Our foremost vertebrate paleontologist and a writer of distinction, Dr. Simpson looks on his science not as a discipline by itself but against the background of other fields of knowledge and of the life of man. Sharp lines between the sciences are everywhere being obliterated, and paleontology today thus concerns itself not only with the fossil remains of animals and plants and with strictly geological problems but with those of ecology, climatology, genetics, and evolution. Such a treatment of its subject, widely comprehensive but free from extreme technical detail, makes this book particularly valuable to student and layman alike. Indeed, it is almost a textbook of biology, so many are its contacts with the life sciences. In an appendix the author provides an excellent summary description of the main phyla and classes of the animal and plant kingdoms, with particular reference to their paleontological history.

The various types of fossils together with the methods of their preservation are described, and the reader learns the difficulties of reconstructing an entire animal from its incomplete remains of bone or shell. The author is remarkably successful, nevertheless, in bringing these ancient organisms to life and in showing how they throve, how they were related to the particular environments in which they dwelt, the communities they formed and various other ecological facts about them. The puzzling data of the geographical distribution of faunas and floras in successive past eras are also discussed, with their bearing on the complexities of distribution today.

Despite these newer contacts of paleontology with other fields of biology, its chief interest for us continues to be in the great drama of organic evolution, for which the fossil record presents the most obvious and unchallengeable evidence. Dr. Simpson in his earlier work has shown how necessary it is, in the interpretation of this record, to use our knowledge as to the methods of evolution and especially evidence from the science of genetics and its recent development, the genetics of populations. Though natural selection remains the cornerstone of evolutionary theory, the ways in which it proceeds are now much better understood than they were in Darwin's day. This branch of science is technically rather formidable and to compress it into a very few pages, as the author here tries to do, makes clear presentation of it almost impossible. The layman who wishes to explore it further may be referred to Dr. Simpson's earlier "Tempo and Mode in Evolution" or to Julian Huxley's recent "Evolution in Action."

Perhaps because of the broad field it covers and the relatively small space accorded in it to man, the present book lacks some of the brilliance and interest of "The Meaning of Evolution," in which the author went much further into human problems and evolutionary philosophy. "Life of the Past" makes delightful reading, however, and is a most important contribution to popular understanding of paleontology.

THE field it covers is so vast that obviously much must be omitted. Emphasis is naturally on vertebrate fossils, with which the author has been so closely concerned, but the student of invertebrates would wish that more attention might have been given to them.

The single brief chapter devoted to man tells nothing of his fossilized ancestors but discusses some of the philosophical implications of paleontology. "It shows," says the author,

*THE LIFE OF THE PAST. By George Gaylord Simpson. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 198 pp. $4.

THE AUTHOR: In the Museum of Natural History in New York the other day, a scholarly looking gent of about fifty, with a Vandyke beard, bent over specimen No. 48004—a scrap of something the size of a raindrop, mounted on a wire in a cork-stoppered vial. "Excellent find," he announced. "*Excellent.*" The scholarly looking gent, it turned out, was George Gaylord Simpson, *exactly* fifty, a Ph.D., Sc.D., LL.D., chairman of the Museum's department of geology and paleontology, and curator of fossil mammals and birds. As for the scrap, it turned out to be just what you might have expected—a quarter-inch of the lower jaw of a *Teilhardella whitakeri*, about 55,000,000 years old, unearthed recently in New Mexico. Dr. Simpson, a crackerjack at telling a *Teilhardella* from, say, a *Cynohyaenodon*, did not stumble across that particular fossil; in his twenty-six years at the Museum, though, he has carted back tons of his own discoveries dug out of the rusty, rocky layers of the Southwest, splendid fossil country as fossil country goes. "This is one of mine," Dr. Simpson divulged the other day in the Museum's lab as he singled out a block of stone enveloping several exposed skulls. "Coryphodon. Early Eocene. Mammals, about fifty-five-million-years old. *We* are mammals, of course. Found that quarry in New Mexico in 1950." New Mexico is a favorite state of Dr. Simpson's; not only has he been hacking away at it with swell results for years, he has a summer home there, 8,000 feet up in the one-store town of La Jara. "I spent a year out there recently," he reported, "working in the field and writing 'Life of the Past'." During the same period, Dr. Simpson turned out a second book as well, on evolution. Only a couple of years ago, he published "Horses," a book not exactly in the Damon Runyon tradition; a paleontologist's study, it was the last of about a half dozen books he has written since his first appeared in 1928, two years after he'd left Yale with a Ph.D. Since 1946, Dr. Simpson has doubled as professor of vertebrate paleontology at Columbia; his class this semester has an enrolment of a dozen graduate mammals.

—BERNARD KALB.

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—From "Hoofed Mammals of the World."

"that there was no anticipation of man's coming. He responds to no plan and fulfils no supernal purpose. He stands alone in the universe, a unique product of a long, unconscious, impersonal, material process, with unique understanding and potentialities. These he owes to no one but himself, and it is to himself that he is responsible." To many readers these statements present but a partial and incomplete picture of man's place in the universe, and leave out much that even in these enlightened days is precious to the human spirit. It savors a little of that same kind of dogmatic certainty, on the side of science, for which the Church is so often criticized. During the century past we have indeed made great progress toward an understanding of life and nature, but the more we learn about them, the more complex do they become. Everywhere we meet the surprising and the unexpected.

Edmund W. Sinnott is professor of botany and dean of the graduate school at Yale University.

Among the Fleet

HOOFED MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. By Ugo Mochi and T. Donald Carter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 40 *pp.* $15.

By Ivan T. Sanderson

SOME three years ago, an artist who unconsciously carries an aura of old world charm combined with an exuberant vitality, walked into the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and asked permission to examine the skin of a reticulated giraffe. Fortunately for one bent upon such an exotic mission, he was directed to a scientist of enormous erudition, but one who happens also really to know his animals from first-hand observation in the field.

The required giraffe was unearthed by the scientist, T. Donald Carter, assistant curator of mammals, and after being examined was reproduced exactly to the scale of one thirty-second by the artist, Ugo Mochi, in a manner so original as to be almost unbelievable. What Mr. Mochi did was to take a piece of plain typing paper, place it upon a piece of black paper, and this in turn upon a sheet of glass. He scratched a very rough outline of a giraffe on the white paper with a stub of a pencil, and then, taking a small, not too sharp double-edged knife, he proceeded to cut away round and about the pencil lines, twirling the paper around, pausing to consider, cutting, and pausing again.

After only a few moments he peeled the white paper from the black, shook it out, and picked some odd fragments from a sort of lacework; then he spread the remainder on black paper. There, to Mr. Carter's amazement, was not only a design of supreme beauty but a detailed and scientifically accurate study of a particular subspecies of giraffe. From this exhibition grew "Hoofed Mammals of the World," a great work now available for all with the comparatively modest sum of fifteen dollars to spend.

Ugo Mochi, who was born in Italy in 1889, has been making pictures by cutting paper in various ways since the age of five. His work is quite unbelievable, even after one has inspected it closely. The perfection of form and delicacy of handling are only half the wonder of it. Mr. Mochi freely admits that he doesn't really know how he does it himself, and we certainly do not. Sometimes, as in the giraffe and zebra plates in this book, he cuts a filigree out of white paper and places this on a black sheet; in other cases, he cuts the figures and their associated foregrounds and backgrounds out of black paper. The results are what should properly be called *skiagrams*—from the Greek *skia* meaning a shadow—but what will probably be erroneously referred to for a long time as silhouettes or "cut-outs."

The most amazing thing about these pictures is that the animals have countless different "expressions." They are, in fact, in every way so much better than almost all other types of animal pictures, either black-and-white or full color, and certainly than all photographs, that artists, scientists, and laymen alike are deeply impressed. The only type of art to which they can be compared is that of the palaeolithic cave paintings of western Europe, which they resemble closely.

One would have thought that this

Ivan T. Sanderson, compiler of an anthology entitled "Animal Tales," has produced a number of radio and television shows about wild life.

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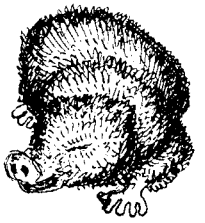
as enough for any book, but it is nly half the story. Mr. Carter's con- ibution to "Hoofed Mammals of the Vorld" is not only every bit as praise- orthy, but almost as remarkable. Although hoofed mammals are the ost important animals in the world s far as the human race is concerned, ey have never before all been gath- red together in one volume. They re all gathered here, even that most nlikely sounding species, Mrs. Gray's ob, a rare antelope. What is more, ey are described with beautiful sim- licity, absolute precision, and enor- ous interest. Here is that miracle, purely factual and highly condensed text on a specialized subject that is not only readable, but extremely interesting. Perhaps only the specialist can appreciate the tremendous labor of mind that must have preceded its writing.

The contribution of the publishers is worthy of the authors. The printing of skiagrams, solid black designs with edges more clear-cut and defined than any penmanship or scratch-board artist could provide, constitute something of a nightmare to the trade. The more credit, therefore, to Scribner's production department, and to the printers for one of the loveliest products of the publishing art in our times.

The Unfortunate Mole



By Mary Kennedy

IN THE NIGHT the agile mole
Seeking for a water hole
Behind his sensitive pale hands
Skillfully advancing,
With his pointed scholar's nose
Curling eager for a drink
And his monkey fashioned toes
Pushing him too near the brink.
Reckless, swift, his spirits lift,
Quivering in his sightless face
As he nears the cool wet place.
Small and soft and trusting
From the hard earth thrusting,
Poor blind mole to tumble down,
To fall so far that he did drown.
Drowned, alas! in a midnight minute,
Reaching the pool he fell right in it.

Who now on the yielding surface lies,
Earth conscious face turned to the skies,
Soft fur and fine disheveled, wet,
His gentlemanly hands astonished yet.
The long meek fingers elegantly spread
Protest the indignity of being dead.

Mourn an instant this mechanism wasted
With so much of his small life untasted.

He was grey, slender, swift, clever,
Neatly, excellently put together.

He knew the feel of friable earth.
He could test for clay,
For dirt or gravel,
Could make a road on which to travel.
He knew the nature of rock and stone,
And dark days and nights endured alone.
He could nibble roots.
And gather fruits
And provide for the future of son and daughter,
But little or nothing he knew of water.

Alas!
The Unfortunate mole!

What's up, Doc?

PREVIEW FOR TOMORROW. By Bruce Bliven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 347 pp. $5.

By Martin Gardner

IF the title of this book leads you to expect discussions of rocket trips to the moon, you will be much mistaken. Mr. Bliven is not concerned with the scientific wonders our great-great-grandchildren may see. He is concerned with current, indisputable achievements of science, particularly in those areas directly related to mankind's most pressing troubles. His book is a "preview" in the sense that it deals with problems we may reasonably expect science to solve—or at least make great progress toward solving—in the immediate years ahead. It is a clearly written, timely, and exciting survey.

The first third of the book discusses problems created by an ominously growing population. Will we succeed in devising ways to increase our food supply, conserve natural resources, and hold down the birth rate sufficiently to prevent disaster? Mr. Bliven summarizes the reasons why the alarmists (from Malthus to modern pessimists like Sir Charles Darwin) are alarmed, and why the optimists (including both Catholics and Communists) are optimistic. A great deal can be said, Mr. Bliven thinks, for both sides. Of special interest is his description of India's unprecedented experiment in teaching the rhythm technique of birth control to its millions of illiterate mothers.

Other topics covered by Mr. Bliven include new sources of energy (atomic engines, solar radiation, "heat pumps" which use the earth's warmth); new instruments of communication (such as the "Ultrafax" which transmitted the entire text of "Gone with the Wind" in two minutes and twenty-one seconds); and recent psychological research on the nature of the I.Q., the causes of war, the punishment of children, and other topics. Some interesting digressions deal with propaganda and censorship, and speculations about the influence of mass communication techniques on the public's esthetic tastes. An excellent section summarizes the latest medical work on the major human ills, and reports some frightening data about the correlation of lung cancer with heavy smoking.

No two science writers who at-

(*Continued on page 44*)

Martin Gardner is the author of "In the Name of Science."

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If Not Containment, What?

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

JAMES BURNHAM is one of those old-fashioned Americans who persists in stating his opinions in unequivocal (though carefully chosen) language. He enjoys stepping on his opponents' toes and kicking their sacred cows. He is not offended when they kick back, provided they allege the right motives. He perversely objects to being kicked for things he never said or intended.

For this reason he is somewhat hurt by some of the criticisms that have been made of his latest book, "Containment or Liberation?"* For he refuses to admit that the fact he was once a Communist, or that he later described the "revolution of management," or that he has consistently taken the down-to-earth rather than the lofty cloudland view of world politics in general and U.S. foreign policies in particular has anything to do with the truth or falsity of his latest opinions.

The central thesis of his new book is simple: "U.S. foreign policy necessarily means policy toward world Communism and the Soviet Union." Three choices are open to non-Communists—"appeasement, containment, liberation . . . They empty the barrel."

Here a very large and very sacred cow leaps to its feet and tries to gore Mr. Burnham. I refer, of course, to the outraged emotions of those Americans who believe that at some point the USSR will choose to make a just negotiated settlement of all outstanding differences with the U.S.A. Since Mr. Burnham thinks so little of this policy that he does not even bother discussing it, that cow's resentment is understandable.

Coming back to Burnham's basic thesis: The Soviets are out to Communize the rest of the world and will never negotiate any sincere peace. Thanks to our stupidity, they have grabbed one-third of the world. "If the Communists can consolidate what they have already conquered, then their complete world victory is certain. . . . We are lost if our opponent so much as holds his own."

If you accept this premise, you must next ask, how can we prevent further consolidation?

End containment, Burnham answers. Containment (as most explicitly expressed by George F. Kennan) is preventing neither consolidation nor further expansion by the opponent. Everyone naturally agrees with what we have done to date—saving West Europe; keeping a close link to our allies the British Commonwealth; stopping Communist consolidation or expansion in the Far East; guarding and strengthening the American home front; and completing the military encirclement of the Communist bloc. But these means are not enough to win—and anything short of victory means ultimate defeat for the free! Indeed, containment —holding on and waiting for a break —is stimulating the hope of remaining neutral among our European allies who prefer an uncertain present to a risky future.

Burnham's conclusion: Containment was adopted as the easy way. "It does not upset the American public or touchy allied statesmen with a drastic shift from butter to guns." Now, "because the policy of containment . . . has been proved wrong by history and experience, it is time to change it." The best alternative is liberation—a stated policy of freeing all the peoples upon whom the USSR has imposed Communist governments. This would mean a refusal to come to terms with Russia on the basis of its monstrous illegal conquests. A liberation policy, must, in turn be directed at the adversary's weakest spot, that is—*Burnhamus dixit*—not West Europe, the Far East, or the Middle East, but *East Europe*.

East Europe, Mr. Burnham thinks, can be liberated by political warfare animated by the will to win (Burnham's chief insistence) and backed by a crusading spirit. We must recognize that Communism is something deliberately instilled by Communists and cannot be kept out or obliterated by economic measures. It can be wiped out by political means. This means that the U.S. should lose no opportunity to provoke, injure, and diminish world Communism and the USSR while giving recognition and support to all Communism's enemies.

Such a policy of liberation would arouse the objections of allies and neutrals but it should be undertaken anyway. "Liberation is a stronger deterrent to general war than containment." Shooting will continue but there will be no general war unless the Kremlin thinks it can win. Anyhow, "the leader of a coalition should welcome every ally but should depend on none." So what is Washington waiting for?

Why "Containment or Liberation?" has been violently attacked will now be obvious. Less clear to me was whether certain critics had really understood Burnham. To get this straight, I asked the author several questions.

"Why," I began, "do you think that the one-third of mankind under the Kremlin, even if consolidated, will be able to defeat the remaining two-thirds?"

Burnham answered out of his Communist experience: An organized minority with an unwavering purpose can always defeat a larger but disunited and will-less mass.

"What kind of 'interior action' do you propose?" I asked next.

"The first thing is to state an affirmative policy. Once this decision has been taken, many steps are open. We should suppress all organized Communist movements in free countries. We should take all the East European refugees as allies and where possible recognize them as governments, thus demonstrating that we shall never recognize the present status in their country. We could recruit refugee soldiers under their own flags. We might also proclaim a coming East European Federation and offer the Soviet nationalities the right to choose their future status."

"WHAT makes you—with ex-President Truman—doubt that the USSR has any effective nuclear weapons?"

"Both the belief of well-informed people and my own certainty that the USSR is technically much weaker than is commonly supposed. I think we should establish the fact that even if major war should come, we can win it without exposing ourselves to utter ruin. I have discussed this in my previous books. At any rate, the risk had better be run now than later, when, after more containment, the free world will be relatively weaker. Do you see anything unreasonable or 'bloodthirsty' in this argument?"

"The Eisenhower Administration seems to have accepted some of your reasoning since it has proclaimed a policy of liberation," I responded. "What I should now like is a full re-examination by the American people of what this is to mean."

Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the foreign scene for American newspapers since World War I. His most recent book is "Challenge and Decision: A Program for America."

*CONTAINMENT OR LIBERATION? By James Burnham. New York: John Day Co. 256 pp. $3.50.

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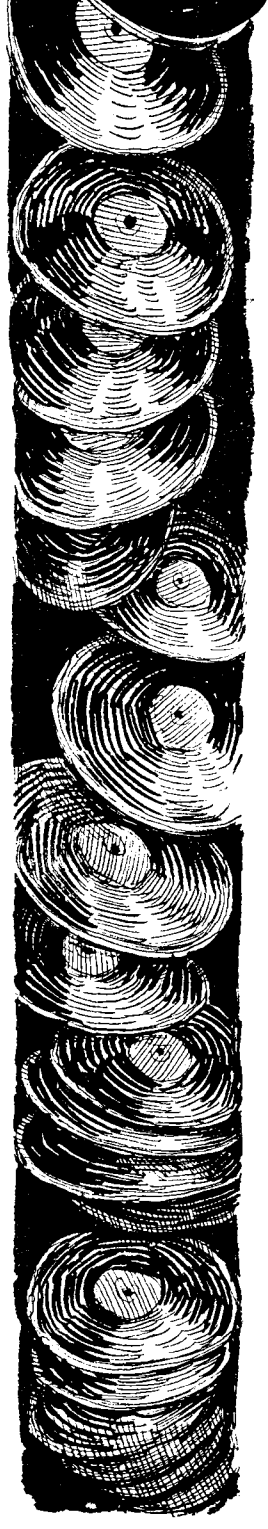
Behind the Books



WHEN word, as the saying goes, circulated through New York the other day that a man had flown in from California for only two weeks with Thucydides, Homer, Marcus Aurelius, Pepys, Melville, Thurber, Faulkner, Dostoievski, and Spillane in his suitcase, a beeline visit seemed to be the thing. The man, it turned out in Room 977 of the Roosevelt, was not a literary scholar; he was a businessman who swore he could rattle off chunks of pure Thucydides, though he had never *read* him. He introduced himself as Raymond Tierstein, here on his second trip for the Audio Book Co., Los Angeles. "Talking books!" rhapsodized Mr. Tierstein, a lean, enthusiastic man in his early forties. "I get a look like 'The Ancient Mariner' when I talk about talking books, don't I? I hold you with my glittering eye!

"Well," he went on, as he searched the wall for an outlet for his record player, "I just spent the day setting up distribution for our first complete book—'The New Testament.' It's on twenty-four discs, it runs for more than twenty-three hours, it costs twenty dollars. You'll be able to buy a *talking* New Testament this month. Ah!" Mr. Tierstein had found an outlet. In went the plug; then, out of his suitcase, he pulled a handful of small records. "Thucydides, Homer, Marcus Aurelius, Pepys, Melville, Thurber, Faulkner, Dostoievski, Spillane—I have them all here. Spillane? O.K.?" A disc began to spin; a slightly hardboiled voice filled 977: "The guy was dead as hell."

Mr. Tierstein flipped the switch. The record player became dead as hell. "A couple of years ago," he continued, "we got interested in the 'talking books' of the Library of Congress, from an engineering point-of-view only. That's what we are, engineers. It needed development, we felt. On ordinary records, for example, a long book is a couple of feet high, heavy, expensive. So, we—J. L. D. Morrison, who designs about 86 per cent of the country's automatic record changers; C. C. McDonald, a wonderful sound engineer; and myself, the business end—went to work. We experimented. Anyway, after an investment of about seventy-five thousand, we came up with this"—he held a record aloft—"an economical, seven-inch vinyl, with one inch of grooves on each side. But *what* grooves! Four-hundred-and-forty to the inch! We also found out that at 16 rpm's we could get thirty minutes on each side. So, we developed an adapter to cut a 33⅓ turntable down to 16. Well, all that, plus 'brilliance' in reproduction, accounts for the good, clear voice."

After a period of experimentation, Mr. Tierstein went on, it occurred to Audio that possibly it had stumbled on something that went beyond talking books only for the blind. "Let's face it," he said, "every literate American says, 'I'd like to read "Moby Dick," if only I had the time.' The truth is, he's lying to himself. 'Moby Dick' comes out too dull." A moment later, Moby Dick was spinning on the turntable. Mr. Tierstein listened for a minute, a smile of sheer delight on his face, then switched off the set. "Pure poetry," he remarked. "*Pure* poetry. Thing like this—it's fraught with interesting possibilities. I picked up a lot of Thucydides, *listening*. It will appeal to the millions who are audio, rather than visual, minded!"

Last summer, he had had a little trouble raising the cultural level of New York's publishers, Mr. Tierstein reported. He'd spent about three months here, publisher-hopping, trying to establish the same connection with them that the printer has. Audio, he had told them, would return a finished record set of any manuscript, just the way a printer returns a finished book. "Well," Mr. Tierstein recalled, "some of the publishers were entranced. *Some*. Others weren't."

So, Mr. Tierstein returned to Los Angeles, full of determination to prod the publishers out of their "inertia." It was at that point that "The New Testament" was recorded. Audio hopes that a successful sale of "The New Testament" will prompt established publishers into accepting it as a respectable member of the fraternity. In all, 5,000 copies of "The New Testament" have been manufactured.

"Listen," said Mr. Tierstein. He then played several of his samples—ten minutes of Thurber's "Walter Mitty," five of Pepys's "Diary," and six of Dostoievski's "Crime and Punishment." "You know," Mr. Tierstein cut in, "I think we can edit a whodunit down to an hour, put it on a record, and sell it for a quarter. We hope we'll be able to sell a complete regular novel, like, say, 'The Caine Mutiny,' on records for the same price as between hard-covers." He patted a record. "You'll have to admit," Mr. Tierstein said, "it's fraught with real interesting possibilities."

—BERNARD KALB.

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Queen of the Slavs

RUSSIA AND HER COLONIES. By Walter Kolarz. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. 335 pp. $6.

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

IN the modern world of nation-states ("one nation, one state"), three great countries entered the twentieth century as predominantly multi-national lands: the Austro-Hungarian, the Turkish, and the Russian empires. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy was blown to pieces in the First World War. The Turkish empire, long declining, is now reviving as a modern nation-state. But the structure and problems of a multi-national empire remain in full force in Russia to this day. The first serious, comprehensive study of these problems and the Czarist and Stalinist "solutions" of them is Walter Kolarz's "Russia and Her Colonies."

As Mr. Kolarz shows, neither the problems nor the "solutions" originated with Stalin. He was heir to a double heritage: the heir to an empire dominated by Great Russians, which has been expanding steadily for three centuries at the average rate of sixty-five square miles a day; and the inheritor of a revolutionary state which was set up to be the "power center of the World Revolution." Mr. Kolarz quite properly limits himself to the inherited empire, and excludes the newly subjugated "People's Democracies."

In the old Czarist empire about fifty percent of the population was Great Russian. If the Ukrainians and the White Russians are added, that gives a "greater Russian" or "Slavic nation" of approximately eighty percent. The remaining minority peoples are largely Mohammedans of Turkic culture, Georgian and Armenian Christians, Finns, Balts, and other peoples. For the purposes of disintegrating the Czar's regime, Lenin proclaimed for all these peoples the "right of self-determination to the point of separation." Both Lenin and Stalin wrote the most furious polemics against federalism in all its forms, and against "cultural autonomy" as a kind of treason. It was "self-determination" or nothing.

But once the Bolsheviks took power they purged first the national independence leaders and then the advocates of federalism and autonomy. Next they purged the local native Bolsheviks whom they had used to purge the others. As the new total state took shape, it introduced a highly centralized government, a single centralized party, a centrally regulated economy, a centralized political police and penal code, and centrally issued directives on what might be sung, painted, said, thought, and felt in all the national areas and tongues. All this made a shambles of the original "Lenin-Stalin" policy.

Yet, for shorter or longer periods, some beneficent remnants of the earlier policy lingered on and Mr. Kolarz takes due account of them as he goes area by area around the vast periphery of the Soviet empire.

Moreover, there were a few regions, on the borders of Finland, Iran, Afghanistan, China, where purely artificial "autonomous national regions" and "republics" were set up for the purpose of disintegrating the neighbor country which had some of the same national group among its population. Another complication which Mr. Kolarz untangles expertly is the penchant of the Soviet rulers for minimizing differences between the three Slavic "nations" to make them appear as one "Russian nation," while splitting up all the Moslem Turkic peoples into innumerable splinter "nations."

All this makes for a complicated story, but one which Mr. Kolarz has told, on the whole, with great clarity and skill. The only weakness in the book is the assumption that the history of russification has gone so far under the last czars and under the greatest russifier, Joseph Stalin, that it can never be reversed. One would have said the same thing in 1900 of the oldest of the multi-national empires, that of the Hapsburgs.

But history has no last words on these matters except to remind us again and again of the everlasting determination of people to be themselves. All that democrats can do at this juncture is to reaffirm the right of each oppressed people to self-determination. How they will exercise that right when they are free to exercise it, whether in a freer federation or a loose alliance or complete independence, will largely depend on the circumstances of that time and how generous the dominant Great Russians may have shown themselves in between.

At any rate, Mr. Kolarz makes a mistake to suppose that he can count the votes or anticipate the verdict of history now. With this one reservation (which concerns only the last chapter), Mr. Kolarz's book can be warmly recommended to the specialist as a reference work, and to the general reader as the first clear guide through the tangle of Soviet policy in the treatment of national minorities.

Bertram D. Wolfe is the author of "Three Who Made a Revolution."

Our Late Ally

THE RUSSIANS IN FOCUS. By Harold J. Berman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 209 pp. $3.

By SIDNEY HARCAVE

HAROLD J. BERMAN here offers a survey of the people and institutions of Soviet Russia with the aim of providing "a basic minimum that any educated American should know in order to form judgments about the Soviet way of life." A professor at the Harvard Law School, Mr. Berman is a specialist in Soviet law, whose competence for the task is fortified by his extensive research among representative Soviet civilians and soldiers and by his use of the voluminous materials collected by Harvard's Russian Research Center.

Professor Berman has selected twelve topics, which he treats in a series of vignettes and brief analyses: the peasant, the soldier, the worker, the family, the Communist Party, religion, education, medical care, economic planning, law, the press, and the system of coercion. The principal sources used, Soviet publications and the testimonies of former citizens of Russia, do not necessarily provide the whole truth concerning those subjects, but together they make possible a closer approximation than does either source considered separately. The Soviet law, for example, states that a person may be sentenced by administrative action to a term of no more than five years in a labor camp; yet abundant evidence from displaced persons proves that the period is in fact often doubled and occasionally tripled by various devices which preserve the fiction of the law but subvert its meaning.

His study leads Professor Berman to conclude that the Soviet system is far from being as monolithic and centralized as its rulers strive to make it. To follow the state's much vaunted plan, the lower-level executors must often ignore its spirit in order to fulfill its letter. That fact is illustrated by cases such as that of the manager of a candy factory. Working toward the completion and distribution of his yearly quota and finding that no arrangement had been made to provide the wire from which to make the necessary nails for his packing cases, the manager purchased it illegally from the Academy of Sciences, which, in turn, had acquired

Sidney Harcave, author of "Russia: A History," teaches at Champlain College, New York.

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it illegally from the Moscow subway. The choice of action allowed him, in the immutable Soviet scheme, was a difficult one. He understood that, if he respected the limits of his legal authority, he would not meet his quota and would therefore be punished. On the other hand, if he ignored the law, he had two chances—if his illegal act should go undetected, he would meet his quota and receive commendation; if it should not, he would be punished.

The manager's plight is typical of that of most Soviet persons in responsible positions. Their efforts keep the state's plan in operation, but not always in the predetermined manner. Thus, suggests Professor Berman, the entire society operates. The plan is not sustained by directive force alone, nor yet by sincere cooperation and loyalty. Satisfaction, persuasion, and coercion are its three pillars. As to whether or not those pillars are strong enough to sustain it indefinitely, the author does not attempt a conclusion.

Short as this book is, there is compressed within its covers a rich abundance of new and important data. Some readers may feel that to provide an adequate minimum of basic information to support "judgments on the Soviet way of life," it should have presented more material on the ideology of Communism and the nature of totalitarianism and that at least some attention should have been given to the background of the Soviet system and to the Soviet foreign policy, which has always been one of the important points in the determination of the domestic "focus." Even so, "The Russians in Focus" must be recognized as a scholarly, lucid, and objective work, an admirable introduction to the people of a country which insists on being misunderstood.

On the Looks of It

THE FACE OF RUSSIA: When Sir David Kelly was the British ambassador to Moscow in 1949-51, Lady Marie Nöele Kelly and her son traveled over a good part of European Russia, from Leningrad on the Gulf of Finland to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. In the course of her travels Lady Kelly took the 123 excellent black-and-white photographs she has assembled, with intelligent and informative captions, under the unassuming title, **"Picture Book of Russia"** (British Book Centre, $3.50). The results are limited, of course, by censorship, so that we find little of modern Russia besides oblique glimpses of a few Moscow streets, the Kremlin from the embassy roof, the

(*Continued on page* 44)

THE CONTINUITY OF THE MENACE

"The Cossack Carrying off the Bride of Civilization—Liberty," by Thomas Nast.

"Two Young Giants, Ivan and Uncle Sam Reaching Over the Pacific, 1873."

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Enigma of a Generation

JOHN BROOKS

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN, whose "Butcher's Dozen" and "My Life in Crime" established him as unquestionably one of our ablest crime reporters, has done a book-length study of the murder of a nurse in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in September 1951, by three teen-age boys. The title of his book, half of which appeared some time ago in *The Saturday Evening Post,* is "Why Did They Kill?" and in book form it shapes up as not only a disturbing piece of social documentation, but also a good example of an interesting and new sort of literary accomplishment.*

The facts of the murder, with which Mr. Martin begins his story, are not in themselves particularly arresting. Three youngsters from the vicinity of Ypsilanti, a few miles east of Ann Arbor, were riding around aimlessly late one night, having taken home their dates, when they drew up behind the nurse, Pauline Campbell. One of the boys, Bill Morey, eighteen, on a dare from the others, got out of the car and killed Miss Campbell by means of repeated blows with a rubber tire mallet. None of the boys had ever seen her before.

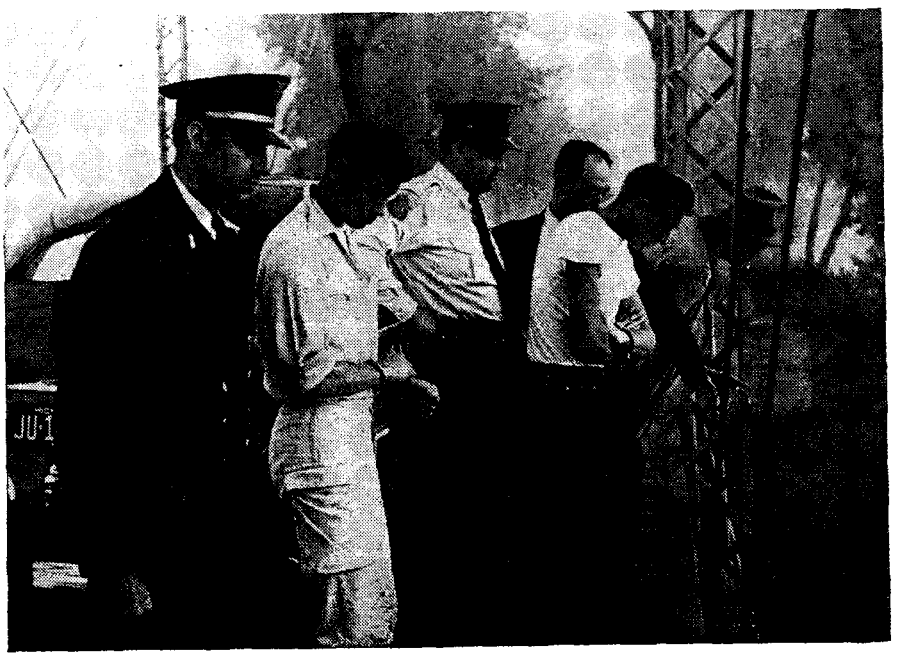
In itself, certainly, this is the sort of thing the non-penologist might read about in the tabloids, enjoy a shudder over, and then pass off easily as the senseless misdeed of a maniac. But Martin did not see it that way. He saw the crime, potentially, as society's affair as well as that of Bill Morey, Miss Campbell, and the people close to them. Then he went to work. He spent months in Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor absorbing the life stories of Bill Morey and his two associates; he went on from there to study the physical and emotional climate that these boys lived in, the daytime and nighttime sights, sounds, and smells that they knew. Having absorbed all this, he has transmuted it into a story that sets up in the reader's mind the sort of general speculations that ordinarily come from reading good fiction.

The trio consisted of Dave Royal, who had always felt left out, and joined the others to be one of the gang; Max Pell, who, coming from a broken family and hating everybody, loved, instead, his car; and Bill Morey, the wielder of the mallet and the one who interests Mr. Martin. Bill came from a solid, conservative, middle-class Ypsilanti family, his grandfather had been a policeman, his father was a factory worker making under $5000 a year; both of his parents were almost pathetically anxious to do the right thing. The Moreys seemed to be the very essence of old-shoe friendliness and normality.

But as it turned out, they did not do the right thing by Bill. In their over-permissiveness toward him—which Mr. Martin chronicles tactfully and subtly, without comment—one discerns all too clearly how a partly-digested knowledge of modern psychological methods of child-rearing and a natural parental leniency combined to let Bill grow up without a sense of law. As the boy became, step by step, a habitual drinker and a consistent trouble-maker, Mrs. Morey came to have no control over him at all; he, in turn, treated her with amiable contempt. Bill, asked after the murder whether he had known it was wrong, gave the clue to the moral climate he lived in: "I knew it was wrong, but nobody seemed to care."

What sets Mr. Martin's book apart from others of its sort—and makes it interesting on the literary as well as the sociological level—is the way he puts his story in its context. He knows, as every good novelist knows, that people and events are more meaningful in relation to the places where the people live and the events happen. He knows that it is not enough to ascribe Pauline Campbell's murder to an individual, isolated psychosis or other psychological process. Knowing this, he takes the reader to Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor, and lets him live for a time with young Bill Morey and his friends. Before Mr. Martin is through with him, the reader has stood on the main street of Ypsi on a Saturday night, watching the endless series of "drag races" by teen-age hot-rodders, each time the traffic light at the main intersection turns green. He has been to Ra-Ru, the ice-cream parlor where the dubious element among the kids used to hang out, where they tore up the seats with knives when life got too dull, and behind which, in the darkness of the parking lot, they did their drinking and necking. He has acquired a sense of the way their evenings pass: wandering in their cars between the nearby towns, aimlessly but swiftly between Ann Arbor and Ypsi and Milan, looking for girls, looking for places that will illegally sell them beer; or going out to Station WHRV to visit Sleepy Head Ted, the all-night disk jockey whose voice, coming from the car radio, is a sort of never-ending chorus to their undirected search for experience.

Just offstage, never seen but casting its huge shadow, is Detroit and the motor industry, the evil genius of this fierce and tragic little tale of a society that, though sick, is full of vitality. "Another time," Max Pell



Bill Morey and one associate—"their undirected search for experience."

**WHY DID THEY KILL? By John Bartlow Martin. New York: Ballantine Books. 131 pp. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35¢.*

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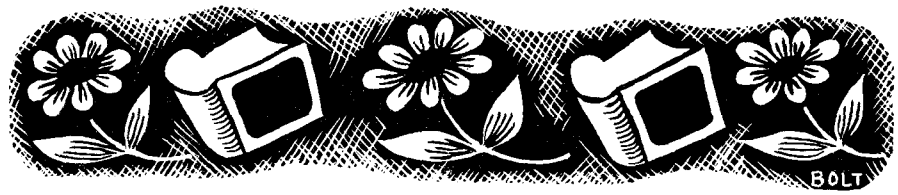
said after the crime. "I remember I was going with a babe down at a little town, she was really built, nobody knew where she lived, even what town, I was keeping her for myself you see—Well, anyway, Dick buzzed me—you know, cut me off the road, and I flipped a U and turned around and chased him and passed him just where we hit the gravel going ninety-five and I kept it on the floor and went on through but Dick flattened the brakes and went into the ditch and flipped over and landed on the roof." He grinned. "It's a wonder I haven't been killed yet. But I never did have any accidents." It was Max who first confessed the murder. The detectives had said they were going to cut the upholstery out of his beloved car to check for bloodstains. "You don't need to tear my car apart," Max said quickly. "I'll tell you—it's blood."

This wealth of tangential but essential detail, plus the lifelike presentation of minor characters like the sweet, see-no-evil mother of Bill's "nice" girl friend, give the book its extra dimension, make it more than the call to serious thought on the part of adult Americans that, by implication, it certainly is. It combines the reporter's dedication to fact with the novelist's narrative techniques and ability to recreate imaginatively; thus it is a sort of fact-novel. In this respect it bears comparison to Lillian Ross's recent "Picture."

One of the literary phenomena of this century is the insatiable appetite of readers for information, and the consequent non-fiction boom. This is hardly surprising when so many more facts touch people's lives than used to—when, indeed, there *are* so many more facts than there used to be. The need for information is a symptom of the need for meaning.

Books like "Why Did They Kill?" show that at its highest level, journalism has risen to meet the increased demand nobly. When the reporter can take the reader entirely into his narrative, when he can present symbols and project characters and implicitly raise moral questions—when he can do all of these things without inventing one line of phoney dialogue, letting the machinery of his reporting obtrude, or deviating from the facts as he has found them, he is accomplishing something new in imaginative literature and something highly apposite to his times.

John Brooks is familiar with the techniques of factual reporting through his work on the staff of The New Yorker *and with the art of fiction as the author of a novel, "The Big Wheel."*



Chronicle of Modern Teens

CORPUS OF JOE BAILEY. By Oakley Hall. New York: The Viking Press. 479 pp. $4.50.

By Harrison Smith

IT has always been obvious that from among the children of the Depression, whose education was disrupted, who were sent to war, married while in the armed forces, and then had to find security and a place for themselves and their families, there might emerge a novelist who did not flinch from the inevitable bitterness, the insecurity, the lack of faith in the future, the decline in sexual morality, and the increase in alcoholism of an overwhelming number of his generation. The novel has a long tradition which can embrace Tolstoy and Dreiser, Thomas Wolfe and Dostoievsky, Fielding and Balzac, Dickens and Virginia Woolf. It could also embrace an American novel which would tell the truth about the young men and women of today.

Unless this reviewer is sadly mistaken, the novelist has arrived with the talent and the craftsmanship necessary for this task. His name is Oakley Hall, and his long and constantly stimulating book is "Corpus of Joe Bailey." The place is San Diego where the boy grew up, like any other boy in any American city, with his playmates and then his girls, who worked his way through the state university, was sent to war, and returned to try the future and to find a standard to live by. It is not a novel of success: Joe Bailey has to settle in the end for a modest job developing a gravel pit near his childhood home. His wife Polly expresses the only gleam of hope she can imagine for all their kind. "We're all caught," she said. "Maybe somewhere along the line our own children's children won't be, but we are. And, oh, you know that terrible joke, 'if rape is inevitable, just relax and enjoy it.'"

The relatives of Mr. Hall's young people are as much to blame for what happens to their children as the depression and war which had robbed them of their birthright. Joe Bailey's mother died, his father was bankrupt, and his uncle, whom he had once discovered in bed with a Mexican woman, was shot leading a strike. His girl, Connie Robinson, had a sister, a slut who committed suicide when she was pregnant. Her mother married a car salesman who Connie believed was trying to blackmail her into sleeping with him.

The university chapters are unfailingly interesting. Joe played football and lived in a fraternity house in which alcohol flowed like water, and the dances were too often followed by orgies of necking with the sorority girls. One of his friends ruins himself through his hopeless love for the wealthiest girl in her class who apparently is a nymphomaniac but really a lesbian. He himself is for years deeply enamored with Connie, who finally yields to him and proves to his awe-struck wonderment that he is the first to win her.

"Corpus of Joe Bailey" is a long and relentless story of youth growing up at a time when all the rules and prohibitions have been suddenly obliterated. It rings true to the place and time and to human nature, and, strangely, it is never corrupt or morbid. If it seems drenched with sex and alcohol, it appears nevertheless to be an affirmation of the tragic element in life, and not a denial of the value of life itself. These young men and girls are people to remember. The reader need not exclaim how horrible and how disgusting, but rather how sad and how wonderful that so many of them found themselves in the end. There is perhaps too great an awareness of sin on the part of the protagonists, for youthful follies of the night are often swept away by the morning sun, but Mr. Hall could not have written so disturbing and moving a book if he lacked the artistic sensitivity to despair and exaltation. It is a novel that will make its mark on American literature and affect the creative writing of the near future.

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Plains of China

THE BIG CHARIOT. By Charmian Clift and George Johnston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 342 pp. $3.75.

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

THERE is, presumably, no hard and fast rule covering the degree to which a historical novel must be historical. If it is a good novel, only the most carping critic will call attention to liberties taken with time, place, and person. The authors of "The Big Chariot" have written a good and interesting, even a moving, novel and if a student of Chinese history would occasionally raise his eyebrows the reader need not trouble to do so. For in addition to telling a stirring and tragic story, the authors have a point to make and they have made it well.

It is the old story of a family parted by civil war, civil war which in China has not been a single disastrous crisis but, for hundreds of years, a prevailing condition. Yuan and Wei were sons of Cheng Li-jen, a nobleman high in the court of the last authentic Ming emperor, Yuan a poet and dreamer and Wei an ardent and brilliant young soldier. Although the glories of the Ming had long since faded into corruption, the tradition of China's greatness was strong in both Yuan and Wei—in Yuan as an ideal of loyalty, in Wei as an itch for activity. When Peking fell to the peasant General Li, Wei joined the force which drove north to ask the help of the Manchus in retaking the city, not understanding at first that his superiors were selling out to the northerners. Yuan, at his father's bidding, took the girl Mai Meng and her mother under his care and headed south and west for safety, thereby aligning himself with the remnants of the fleeing Ming court, helping to keep it and its tradition alive in a China turned hostile to it. Wei, the opportunist, supported the Manchu tide and devoted his sword to its spread, which was inevitably southward.

The authors have used this family tragedy as the point of light with which to illuminate a screen, colored with battle and bloodshed, brutality and suffering, upon which the picture of China's division in the seventeenth century between idealism and opportunism is portrayed. It appears to be the feeling of the authors that this struggle is analagous to that which is going on in China today, and the suggestion is that since China recovered her greatness after the Manchu invasion she will do so again. This point may seem a somewhat doubtful one to those who are not quite willing to admit the likeness between the Manchus and the Communists of today. Yet this misgiving cannot overshadow the poignance and real beauty of the story of Yuan's wanderings, his joys and sorrows, his courage in the face of hopelessness, his willingness to live for the beliefs for which he was also willing to die.

This is not a happy tale, as China is not a happy country, but it is human and heartening nonetheless. Even though it may surprise some and confuse others in its portrayal of Chinese history, it will give to many a reader who would not touch history with a ten-foot pole a vivid sense of the character of China as a person, a timeless human being.

Clift and Johnston—"interesting."

Indian Operator

THE FINANCIAL EXPERT. By R. K Narayan. East Lansing: Michigan State College Press. 178 pp. $3.

By JOHN FREDERICK MUEHL

ON THE dust jacket of this book a comparison is made between the author and Joyce Cary based simply upon the fact that both writers, while well known in Britain, were for a long time unpublished in America. To the fan and recent re-reader of "Mister Johnson," this comparison may seem strangely tantalizing, for there is much in Mr. Narayan's comedy itself that demands favorable comparison with even the best of Joyce Cary.

"The Financial Expert" is set in India. It is the story of a versatile self-promoter named Margayya, and of the succession of frauds and self-delusions through which he makes his fortune and loses it again. Beginning as an advisor to local farmers Margayya chafes at the indignity of his position, till, after a ritual purification dedicated to the goddess of wealth, he is rewarded by the lucky gift of a pornographic manuscript "Bed Life, or The Science of Marital Happiness" is a miraculous, immediate, and continuing success, supplying Margayya with a handsome living.

By instinct, Margayya finds his way back into banking. By instinct, he makes it enormously successful. And at least partly by instinct, that of self-preservation, he avoids ever noticing the illegality of his methods. Eventually, of course, his world collapses but even then Margayya is not divested of everything. For one thing he still has his instincts intact, and a certain naive optimism in the face of defeat.

And naive is just the word Throughout the whole story Margayya

On Growing Old

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

Let not belated blooms of fall deceive you
Although the blossoms light a sable wood,
They will not fruit, and sorrow will bereave you
The night frost comes to blacken every bud.
Yet midday cannot stay with one forever
And moonlight has a radiance of its own,
A gleaming silver patina that never
Was burnished in the cauldron of the sun.

Remember that the young tree was not barren
Within the season it was meant to fruit,
And know in winter that the rose of Sharon
Though stripped and bare still has the selfsame root,
And if the song be muted, let no tears
Deny the mellow wisdom of the years.

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is untouched by his own dishonesties, for through the simple expedient of naming each vice after a virtue, he is able to maintain a not incredible purity. When, in "The Horse's Mouth," Gulley Jimson pushes Sarah down the stairs and kills her, it is Gulley, not Sarah, whom we pity. And when Markayya defrauds all of the villagers who have trusted him, by the same strange token our sympathies are with him. Mr. Narayan's whole story moves on a fascinating level of individual character so amoral and unreal that when the crude forces of justice and reality enter, they seem a wholly unwarranted, if inevitable, intrusion.

For that matter, that is probably the essence of good comedy, the frustration of our sentimental identification with a character. Certainly the strange sad overtones of "The Financial Expert" stem from our inability either to accept or reject Margayya.

As for Margayya himself, he survives the whole plot. He is not only alive at the end, but in good spirits.

More About Superbudd

THE RETURN OF LANNY BUDD. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 555 pp. $4.

By Charles Lee

THAT most charming of supermen, Lanny Budd, is back again. In this eleventh volume of his adventures, proving himself as ubiquitous and indestructible as ever, he visits New York, London, Washington, Berlin, and Hollywood. He sits in President Truman's office, discovers himself in a house built on a solid gold foundation, enjoys a private pipeline into the Politburo's conference room, and fights off death in a Soviet dungeon in East Germany. He meets Dean Acheson, Jan Masaryk, and Ernst Reuter; witnesses the French General Strike and the Berlin Airlift; and is instrumental in founding the Voice of America and the Free University of Berlin.

Summoned out of his busy retirement (he runs a radio program, a weekly newspaper, and a newspaper syndicate in the interests of peace), the ex-Presidential agent is asked by the Treasury Department to track down a band of counterfeiters working somewhere in Europe to dilute the value of American and British currency. His adroit snoopings, always in the guise of an elegant art expert, put him on the trail of a neo-Nazi underground, involve him in a propaganda war with the Russians via the American radio station in Berlin, RIAS, and eventually land him in a Soviet prison (where he is subjected to new kinds of hot and cold warfare in a torture of temperatures). Even Lanny pales when he is told that he is going to be made to confess that he has been master-minding a plot to assassinate Stalin. Nor has life in the meantime been made easier for our harried hero at home: his sister Bess has been arrested as a courier for a Russian spy.

This is a severely compressed account of some of the high spots in Lanny's new adventurings. As in the previous books in the series, Mr. Sinclair has stuffed this one as thoroughly as a sandbag. It is full of action and characters, sparkles with literary references, and is so complicated in its plotting that one foreign agent turns out to be "a Social Democrat pretending to be a Nazi pretending to be a Communist." If it is not quite so well integrated as previous Lanny Budd thrillers, if some of its characterizations verge on the absurd (Mr. Truman is ineptly done), if indeed the whole project has got about it something of an adult comic-strip, no matter, it is still a first-rate public service.

Mr. Sinclair's gigantic multi-volume fictionalized history of the past thirty-five years may strike some as a literary freak, the most mammoth political novel in English letters, but

(*Continued on page* 41)

New Fiction

The titles described below have just been published, but because of limitations of space cannot be reviewed in this issue. In many instances more extended notice will be given in forthcoming numbers.

DREAM IN THE FLESH. By Dan Levin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. The experiences of a liberal who left a government job in Washington and who pursued his ideals fighting with the Marines in the Pacific. Mr. Levin is the author of the well-remembered "Mask of Glory."

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT. By Joan Transue. New York: Doubleday & Company. $3. Norman Frume doggedly carves out a career as vice-president of a life insurance company only to discover, at the top of the ladder, that he has not gotten all he might out of life.

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION. By John Coates. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. Lesbia, contrary to her name, not only liked men but runs through a string of them in pursuit of her happiness.

THE FORTUNATE MAN. By Frank Tilsley. New York: Julian Messner. $3.95. A London clerk, by dint of perserverance and some lusty bludgeoning, climbs the success-ladder only to learn that the sliding down is easier than the going up.

THE GLORIFICATION OF AL TOOLUM. By Robert Arthur. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. A satire on the American advertising business.

INVITATION TO FOLLY. By Susan Ertz. New York: Harper & Bros. A tale of marital infidelity set in present-day England recounted by a long-standing, popular author.

THE OLIVE TREE. By Robin Estridge. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3. Shuttling between Spain and America, Mike Selva learns about his family past and finds himself in a complicated situation as a result.

POST STORIES OF 1952. Edited by Ben Hibbs. New York: Random House. $3. An assembly of the *Saturday Evening Post* "bests" for the year, featuring such hardy perennials as Kay Boyle, Paul Gallico, and Conrad Richter.

THE REASON FOR ANN. By Myles Connolly. New York: McMullen Books. $3. Six novelettes, chosen by Mr. Connolly to represent his best work, laid in a variety of realistic settings with religious overtones.

CARRACCI DRAWINGS AT WINDSOR CASTLE. By R. Wittkower. New York: Phaidon Press. $8.50. Professor Wittkower of the University of London has catalogued the hundreds of drawings by Lodovico, Agostino, and Annibale Carracci who lived during the Baroque period. They are reproduced in handsome plates.

THE RIFLE MAN. By John Brick. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.75. Returning to the late eighteenth-century American period of his earlier novels "Troubled Springs" and "The Raid," Mr. Brick sees his hero Tim Murphy through a variety of adventures that include warfare against the Indians.

THE SQUARE TRAP. By Irving Shulman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Life among a group of Mexicans living in the Ravine area of Los Angeles. A social document of delinquency in the same vein as Mr. Shulman's "The Amboy Dukes."

STORY: NUMBER 3. Edited by Whit Burnett and Hallie Burnett. New York: A. A. Wyn. $3. This anthology of nineteen original short stories features the work of newcomers and old-hands in the fine tradition of the defunct *Story Magazine*.

STORIES OF SUDDEN TRUTH. Edited by Joseph Greene and Elizabeth Abell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $1.50. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. Common to the stories in this anthology is the theme of emotional crisis and surprise resolution, the handiwork of such writers as John Hersey, William Saroyan, Erskine Caldwell, Truman Capote, and Eudora Welty.

TENNESSEE HAZARD. By Maristan Chapman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. Dramatizing a slice of American history, the author details the experiences of Tom Hazard who finds excitement in missions as a Federalist agent.

THESE ITEMS OF DESIRE. By Louis A. Brennan. New York: Random House. $3.50. Mr. Brennan's first novel concerns itself with the frustrations and rebuffs of Mid, who learns about men and life the hard way.

ZORBA THE GREEK. By Nikos Kazantzakis. New York: Simon & Shuster, $3.50. Set on the island of Crete, this symbolic novel encompasses the variety of actions and hopes that are within the reach of every man. —S. M.

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The Saturday Review

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The Sunny Side of California

LAST week in this space, we wrote about the somewhat scratchy political climate in Southern California. We promised for this issue to report some of the items on the plus side of the ledger. A random sampling:

▶ In Long Beach, a short drive from Los Angeles, the fight against UNESCO has failed. Unlike Los Angeles, where the U.N. supporters were slow in rallying, the informed citizens of Long Beach did not wait until it was too late. They rallied to UNESCO's defense. The school board called for facts and passed upon them. Result: students in the Long Beach schools will continue to be taught the facts about UNESCO.

▶ In Marin County, a five-month battle which began with the official distribution of a teachers' handbook on the United Nations has ended in a victory for the U.N. Many of the same people that fought against UNESCO in Los Angeles figured in the Marin County controversy. Public meetings were held at which the U.N. detractors were given every opportunity to air their views. When defeat came, they could not claim the community didn't know what was happening. What is most noteworthy is that representatives of the American Legion joined with school officials in a joint statement supporting the teaching of facts about UNESCO and the U.N. itself. The spirited defense of the U.N. during this controversy was prominently featured by newspapers throughout the state.

▶ At the University of California at Los Angeles, students and faculty members of the highly successful "Project India" are planning a return trip. Last summer, eleven undergraduates went on a good-will mission to India, lived and worked with the people, spoke about the real United States, made thousands of friends, and won the acclaim of embassy and newspaper people who said their achievement was far more effective than millions of dollars that might be put into official information service activities. The idea for the trip was born in January, 1952, when students attended a lecture at the University Religious Conference building. The speaker was the Rev. James H. Robinson, a Presbyterian minister from New York. He told of his own experiences in Asia, emphasizing the importance of human relationships. He said the young people of India were hungry for the real facts about America. That night, the students decided on a human Point Four program of their own in India. They decided to pool their savings and earnings for a trip. Word of the project spread. Sunday-school children contributed pennies. Fellow students chipped in. A whopping large contribution came from an anonymous donor.

When the students started out for India, they looked like a traveling display case for American democracy. Included among them were a Catholic, a Greek Orthodox, a Jew, a Mormon, a Christian Scientist, a Congregationalist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and an Episcopalian. Two students were part American Indian; two others, American Negro.

In India, the group divided into two separate units in order to cover more ground. When they met at the end of the trip to compare notes, they found much in common. They had encountered fantastic misconceptions about life in the United States, about the true situation with respect to color prejudice, about our national purposes. The American movies, paperback books, Communist propaganda had given the Indians strange, ugly, and costly impressions about the U.S. The students were able to help many thousands of Indians to get America into focus, especially with reference to gang wars, debauchery, divorces, lynchings, etc. The students didn't apologize, just spoke about what they knew. They worked in the fields alongside Indian farmers. They helped to build a school with their own hands. They shared such special knowledge as might be helpful to people who could use it. They were on a human mission, and the Indian people—especially the young ones—responded. After only a few weeks, they were being hailed wherever they went. Dozens of towns and cities not on their itinerary begged them to be their guests.

It wasn't an easy trip. One of the students came down with polio. They lost an average of eighteen pounds each. But they came back happy. They also came back with the realization that it would take many such trips by many groups of American students before enough places and people could be reached to make a vital difference. They are encouraging other colleges and universities to undertake similar trips.

For themselves, a repeat Project India is in the offing. And once again, they are pooling their earnings, appealing to their fellow Americans for support.

▶ Inspired by the achievements of Project India, a dozen students at the University of California in Berkeley are rapidly moving forward with their own expedition. Three countries are on the itinerary—India, Pakistan, Ceylon. The group recognizes the need in those countries not only for information about the U.S. but for specialized skills. Hence, the students to be selected will include majors in agriculture, medicine, engineering, science, nursing, social service, etc. Like their colleagues at UCLA, they will go prepared to answer questions about the U.S. and to demonstrate by example the essential friendliness and sincerity of Americans. Preparations for the trip are painstaking and complete. Only one thing is missing: adequate funds.

Several years ago, *The Saturday Review* endorsed the idea of a moral adoptions project for the orphans of Hiroshima. Readers responded by adopting every orphan in the city. News of the success of that project has reached most of Asia. The editors have no hesitation in endorsing Proj-

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ect India and Project India-Pakistan-Ceylon. Nothing would make us prouder than to be able to say that these important human expeditions were made possible by *SR* readers. We'll be glad to act as middlemen.

▸ In Beverly Hills, we learned about the story of Malcolm Reed, a young American who went to Tokyo in 1947 as a clerk in the International Military Tribunal. His brother had been killed in the Pacific War; Malcolm Reed felt a sense of personal obligation to his generation. A good place to begin, he believed, would be in the homeland of the vanquished enemy, helping to create a fuller and truer picture of the people attacked by Japan. He has now returned to the United States and is organizing a Japanese Scholarship Foundation. He would like to see Japanese student leaders come to the United States to study in our colleges and then return to Japan with first-hand knowledge of this country and its people. He needs help. His present address is 233 Prospect Street, Westfield, New Jersey.

▸ Visitors to the Cowie Art Galleries in Los Angeles these days are convinced that they are observing the work of a major new American artist, Robert Watson, twenty-nine, of Berkeley. Not since his galleries were opened thirty years ago has A. S. Cowie found so much enthusiasm for the work of a young painter. It is interesting to watch visitors as they stroll into the galleries, then suddenly snap to life as they respond to Watson's strength and superb craftsmanship. At a time when it is considered stylish to sprinkle glass in canvases or to attempt to build reputations by sterile imitations of the modern masters, Robert Watson is demonstrating a primary allegiance to the historic community of fine art. He likes the challenge of depth and difficult texture; he doesn't try to caricature nature or improve on it; he is not afraid to appeal to what he obviously believes is the human faculty for responding to beauty. He is captivated by high stone walls and goes to infinite pains to interpret their age-stained appeal and the majesty of their long shadows. He likes a dull sky with sharp light breaking through at some point with the force of a fist thrust through a paper bag. His people are humble without being meek. But most of all, he has respect for his craft. It is easy to see why so much promise is held for his future.

· Sudden growth produces problems. In the case of Los Angeles, it has meant a population increase of 1,500,000 in ten years. There has been a prodigious strain on facilities for housing, education, law enforcement, and youth activities. Problems in discrimination were heightened by the fact that almost 20 per cent of the city's population belonged to minority groups.

Quietly but effectively, an organization known as the County Conference on Community Relations has been organized to coordinate the work of fifty agencies concerned with problems relating to minority groups. Until the CCCR came into being, these separate agencies, while doing excellent work, often overlapped in their efforts or left large areas pretty untouched.

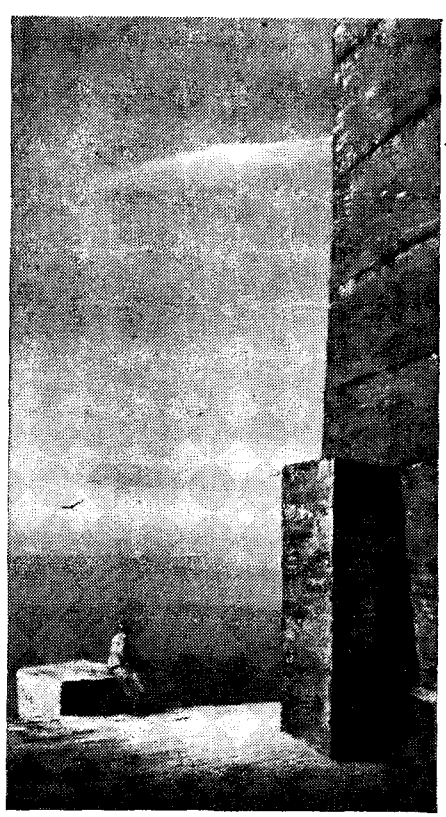
Today, there is a coordinated plan for working in the field of human understanding. The Conference "strengthens good neighborliness through spotlighting and working on problems in discrimination." The Conference is not an action agency; it doesn't work through exposes or newspaper headlines. It seeks to be a direct channel between the source of the trouble and its solution. Its representatives draw upon the entire community in mobilizing support for constructive programs.

▶ An ex-Navy welterweight boxing champion now living in Los Angeles has found an effective and deeply satisfying answer to the most difficult yet commonplace question of the twentieth century: what can one man do? Aloysius Eugene (Pat) Mozier has seen a lot af war in his forty-nine years. In World War II he served in the Navy; early in the Korean War he was a Merchant Marine engineer on the freighter *Anchorage Victory*. Once, while *Anchorage Victory* was docked in Pusan, he borrowed a jeep and saw something of the Korean refugees and the scarred land. When a starving four-year-old girl collapsed of hunger and died in his arms before he could reach medical aid, he asked himself, as millions of other spectators to the universal tragedy have asked, "What can I do?"

Pat Mozier figured it out for himself. His answer was simple, workable, enormously helpful. He would become something of a global Johnny Appleseed. He had discovered that one of the main reasons for the food shortage in many areas of the East was not only poor soil and insufficient rain as lack of good seed. He couldn't restore the land; he couldn't make rain; but he could procure the required seed. When he returned to the U.S., he withdrew his lifetime savings of $1500 and bought seed in wholesale quantities—thousands of packages of rich American seed for lettuce, tomatoes, turnips, celery, spinach, carrots, and other vegetables that would grow in Asia. The brilliant simplicity of this idea appealed to his friends, who naturally asked to help. Pat Mozier then returned to the Orient to distribute the seeds personally. He traveled from country to country, borrowing a jeep at each port of call and driving out to the surrounding villages where he would distribute the packets to individual farmers. Pat Mozier ran out of his vegetable seeds in no time at all and realized his Johnny Appleseed project would have to be set up on a more durable basis. When he came back to the United States he got down to business. He arranged with the American President Lines to give him cargo space for sending large shipments abroad. A printer friend supplied labeled envelopes and instructions. He invited American farmers to supply seeds; he called upon his fellow Americans for help in buying seeds.

Pat Mozier leaves for another trip to Asia and Africa on May 15. By the time he returns next fall, he will have distributed more than 1,000,000 packages of vegetable seeds to persons and places where it will do the most good. Anyone who wants to help can write to him at 2149 West Thoreau Street, Los Angeles, California.

—N. C.



"Rendezvous," by Robert Watson. "He likes a dull sky with sharp light breaking through with the force of a fist thrust through a paper bag."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The "New World Dictionary"

▶ CARLTON F. WELLS'S review of the "New World Dictionary" [*SR* Mar. 21] is a quizmaster's quibbling over encyclopedic details which are utterly irrelevant to the main purposes of a college dictionary. Students of average competence and professors of like grade do not use a desk dictionary for current statistical information on the populations of cities in Canada. For that, if they have even elementary understanding of reference procedure, they turn to the "Information Please Almanac."

Wells acknowledges in his biographical note (presumably supplied by him) that he leaned on his colleagues for substantial assistance in writing his review. Did he consult Marckwardt or Pooley in adjacent universities, or Charles C. Fries in his own? I cannot believe that his verdict on this admirable and imaginative new job in lexicography represents Fries's considered judgment.

Wells is captious about minor differences in the labeling in the "New World"—labeling he would have done differently. I had to collate Fries's, Baugh's, and Sir William Craigie's decisions on labeling for the Random House "American College Dictionary," make the final decisions where these three differed; and I assure Wells that upon examination by a harmless drudge who has done the labeling for "New World's" closest rival, the labeling in the "New World" stands up as a remarkably competent job, in some respects an improvement upon what Jess Stein and I managed to achieve in the "ACD." It is hard now to choose between the "ACD" and the "New World," and I tell my students that they can invest five dollars in either one and get the most modern, imaginative, and skilled lexicography to be had at the price. Where the editors of the "New World" (none of whom I found in "Who's Who" when I reviewed the $24.50 encyclopedic edition for the *Library Journal*) had an advantage was that they were apparently all, like Guralnik and Whitehall, thoroughly grounded in general linguistics and semantics (both the traditional and the Korzybskian-Hayakawa varities—which differ a good deal by now), and in addition they had the boldness, as did their publisher, to write descriptive, operational definitions, and to illuminate the phrasal idioms and derivatives (treated by other desk dictionaries, including the "ACD," as runons) with a fullness matched only by Fowler's "Concise Oxford," which, of course, does not accord American usage even the cool British "How-d'ye do" that simultaneously says good-bye.

Wells, while he admits, in incidental insinuendo, so to speak, that these things are true, throws his review out of focus by dwelling on petty minutiae that an experienced dictionary editor would dismiss as trivia, in comparison with the really startling fact that the editors of the "New World" have really done justice to variant American pronunciations; to disputed usages and divergent practices in typographical styling, etc. On *ain't*, by the way, the "New World" editors agree with Sir William Craigie, and disagree with Wells's school-mastered English professor's starchy correctness. By Gad, sir, we are not going to abandon our position on the one "error" we have succeeded in banishing from students' themes! Does it occur to Wells that folk rhetoric is really right in its instincts in trying to find a colloquial form to do duty as a contraction for "am not" (the arch, British-sanctioned form "Aren't I?" won't do for men, at least in the United States), and for "are not"? Craigie's notes on the "ACD" galleys were especially illuminating on this form. He said that it is "high colloquial" in Scotland, and has never been out of use even among the most literate speakers. From my own observation, the bolder educated speakers also use it in the United States, when occasion demands, and when Wilson's "Am I not" would sound stilted; also, it is freely used with humorous italics in the voicing. Schoolboys and English professors do not use it, to be sure, but the pressure of the folk rhetoric on academic grammar is constant in this instance, and I still hope to see the folks win out over all the gentility nonsense that has been spread on this subject and similar points of usage. The notion that this "wrong side of the tracks" bad-breath attack on the locution by the learned ignorance of pedants (even those who exhibit a good deal of jolly-doggism and ghastly gayety in their reviews) may banish it fills me with dismay.

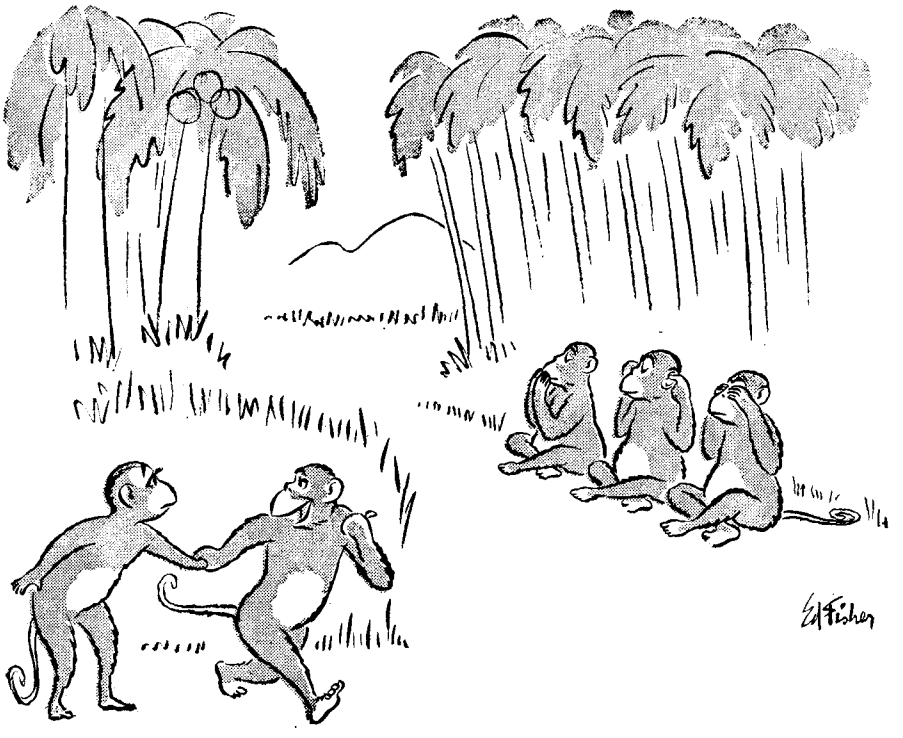
As for Wells's characteristic devotion to the ark of the covenant of Old Noah, beached high on the Springfield Ararat, he should be told that it is high time some of the funny linguistic monstrosities that Old Noah took into his ark should be jettisoned; and the "New World" boys, without trumpeting the fact, have quietly thrown overboard even more of Noah's trilobitic and troglydytic practices than we did on the "ACD."

It would really take Sam Johnson and Giordano Bruno, those quellers of vaunting and kicking learned ignorance, to do justice to Wells as a reviewer. If he puts out any works in the field of linguistics and lexicography, I should like to have you send them to me for review. I would not need a committee to assist me.

S. STEPHENSON SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Carleton Wells's reply will appear next week.*



"Come on . . . don't worry 'bout *them!*"

Far-sighted

▶ D. W. BROGAN HAS HIT the evaluation-jackpot again in his article "The Taste of the Common Man" [*SR* Feb. 28]. This truly civilized Englishman never strays into the fold of those myopic observers who can't see the forest for the trees. Most foreigners who dilate on our "mass media" are motivated by nationalistic snobbery. Their own "mass media" always are less crude and culturally more promising! If other English writers only

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had eyes to see in our culture what D. W. Brogan sees and reports so acceptably, the relations between the two nations would be characterized by what Matthew Arnold described as "sweetness and light."

LABAN LACY RICE.

Gulfport, Fla.

"Common Man" (Cont.)

▶ CRITICS OF PRESENT-DAY civilization seem to assume that the common man's tastes have changed; at least both Mr. Krutch [*SR* Jan. 10] and Mr. Brogan [*SR* Feb. 28] have so indicated and I gather there are many who agree with them; however, in taking up the common man's defence, I would remind these critics that the cultural refinements of the Renaissance type of art, that of middle European music forms, and of English literature and theatre reflected a quite different era than that in which we find ourselves now living. The standards of judging art and of formulating a culture from generations back were never, in any case, the standards of the common man but those presented to him by his superiors, intellectually and economically. In reality, the common man has never been given a choice, until now, when he has the means and some leisure with which to make that choice. If he rejects Shakespeare for "South Pacific," turns away from Michaelangelo in his new-found admiration for Frank Lloyd Wright, and prefers simple, hummable tunes to the more lengthy and ponderable works of Beethoven, Brahms, and Bach, is it not because he is facing the realities of his world rather than making a bad choice?

It would be far more remarkable if, in view of the monumental social and industrial metamorphosis in which his civilization is engaged, today's common man felt anything *but* reluctance to spend his free time in any more serious pursuits than television, baseball, movies, and paper-backed books—all pointed toward entertaining him without making him think. The activities away from work, and the taste of the common man provides merely the flat background which throws into bas relief the real form of our Scientific, Industrial, and Sociological age.

L. H. JURVIS.

Huntington Woods, Mich.

Decapitation

▶ I AM DISTRESSED to see that in printing two of my poems recently *The Saturday Review* chopped off the final words of titles in both cases. I understand, of course, the desire to save space, but I'm sure you will agree that you can't change a writer's text without consulting the writer.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

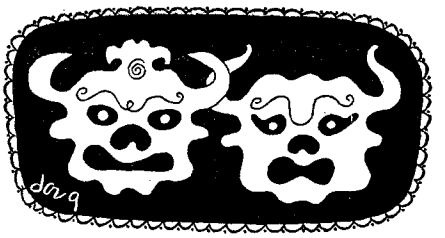
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Saturday Review regrets the errors which led to the mutilation of Mr. Wheelock's poems. The first poem, printed on page 8 of SR March 14, should have had the title: "Please Turn Off the Moonlight As You Come In (Ballad with Non-Recurrent Refrain)." The second, printed on page 22 of SR March 21: "Intra-Mural Art Recollected in Tranquillity."*

Protesteth Too Much

▶ THERE IS ALTOGETHER too much accent on whether Europeans like our culture, as expressed by Harrison Smith [*SR* Dec. 20], or our business methods, by Leo Cherne [*SR* Jan. 24]. Nor can we go on forever selling our favorite commodity, "the dignity of the individual," unthinkingly.

As to our "culture" we cannot define the word. It is our way of life. Our cowboys and our Wall-Streeters, our suburbs and slums, comic books, Negro spirituals, symphonies, women's clubs, and much more. It is a good culture and needs no "explaining what America has to offer." It is truly not "embarrassing to have to defend ourselves." If we do not believe this, we lack the poise to accept it with easy grace when we finally cajole others into believing it.



EDNA COOPER EXINER.

Highland Park, Ill.

"Ideological Saboteurs at Work"

▶ PERHAPS YOU HAVE already seen the enclosed *Pravda* article, but I cannot resist sending it along—just in case.

SIDNEY HARCAVE.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

NEW YORK, 30 January. (TASS). The latest number of the magazine *Saturday Review of Literature,* one of the most prominent literary magazines appearing in the United States, despite the known facts, attempts to show that monopolistic capitalism allegedly aids the development of culture and the growth of the well-being of peoples. However, even a superficial perusal of the magazine provides the basis for asserting that it resembles a collection of advertisements for the American monopolies rather than a literary journal, the more so since the chief articles in it are written, not by writers and critics, but by representatives of the most powerful American monopolies.

The first three pages of the latest number of the magazine *Saturday Review* are given over to an advertisement of the Rockefeller company Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Following this advertisement is a leading article, entitled "Toward a New Business Philosophy," the contents of which can hardly be distinguished from the advertisement itself. This does not call for any marked astonishment since the author of the article, Courtney S. (*sic*) Brown, is a director of the Esso Standard Oil Company, another concern of the Rockefeller system.

"The new philosophy of business" set forth by Brown is by no means a new one. Brown seeks to show that capitalism is no longer capitalism and that the use of the term "capitalism" when one is talking about the political economy of the United States is not only "deceptive—it is harmful." Brown goes so far in his verbal gymnastics as even to compare monopolistic capitalism with "Christian Socialism."

Following the "philosophical revelations" of Brown, the magazine gives several pages by Lewis Galantière, who is introduced to the readers as "a well-known authority on the economic and financial problems of modern society."

The article by Galantière differs from the article by the director of the Esso Standard Oil Company only in its linguistic exercises. Galantière does not attempt to picture monopolistic capitalism as the realization of the dream of "Christian Socialism." He simply designates it "new, non-exploitational capitalism."

The chief part of Galantière's article is a panegyric addressed to the "Advertising Council"—a propagandistic organization created by the most powerful capitalistic groups for the "propagandizing" of the ideology of monopolistic capitalism, which is cultivated by such theoreticians as Brown and Galantière and similar ideological saboteurs, who are paid by the monopolies.

A reactionary article in the magazine is written by Henry Ford, the president of one of the most powerful automobile companies in the United States. This article, entitled "Business on the Scene" (*sic*), advances the thesis that, after the Republican victory in the November elections "new opportunities are opening" for business.

On the basis of this short review of the American so-called literary magazine, it is clear that just as American historians are now being invited to rewrite history and picture the Morgans, Astors, and Vanderbilts of the nineteenth century as models of virtue and not as "robber barons," so the writers and critics are being invited to exalt the bosses of monopoly and carefully to disguise the loathsome, festering sores of monopolistic capitalism.

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Seeing Things

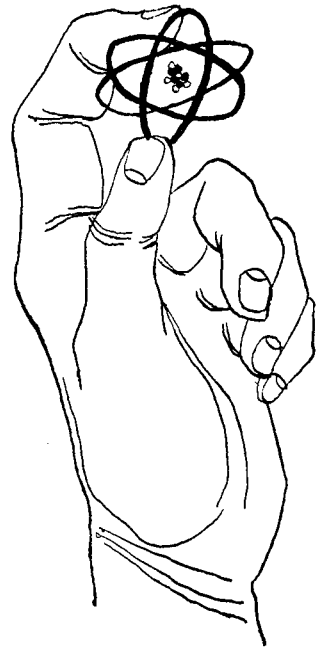
THE LIVING DEAD

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS is an honest man. He proved this when, in *The New York Times*, he explained "Camino Real"* by saying, "Of course, it is nothing more nor less than my conception of the time and world that I live in." Honesty, we all know, is the best policy but in the case of Mr. Williams and his new play it is a depressing one. On the evidence supplied by "Camino Real" it would be safe to say that few writers, even in these times when many authors' sole faith is their belief in man's baseness and meanness, have held the human race in lower esteem than Mr. Williams or found the world less worthy of habitation.

Far be it from me to deny that "Camino Real" has its interesting moments. Mr. Williams is too gifted a dramatist and perceptive a person not to command attention even when what he is saying arouses only pity or revulsion. Moreover, Elia Kazan's direction is so brilliant in its energy and invention and his actors so admirable in meeting the demands of an unorthodox script that one feels a certain gratitude for an evening that, at least, has the courage to be different.

All of us who care for the theatre have railed these many years against plays and productions which are stale in spirit and style. We have looked back nostalgically to the days when trail-blazing was being done by such playwrights are Werfel, the Capeks, Sean O'Casey, Philip Barry, Saroyan, and, above all, O'Neill. We have attacked plays which say the same old things in the same old ways, lamented the unimaginative quality of most realism, and at the top of our lungs sung hymns to the needs and glories of experimentation.

"Camino Real" places us in a paradoxical position. In it Mr. Williams has written his most unconventional play. Yet, instead of thanking him for this particular experiment, we are inclined to wish he had not made



it, for his own sake as well as ours.

A dramatist's is the privilege, more accurately the need, to write as he wants. But we, his audience, enjoy our prerogatives, too. We are bound to judge any new play by Mr. Williams as a single piece of work. We are no less bound to relate a new play by the author of "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" to his career as a whole, especially when Mr. Williams has confessed that this time he is giving his personal opinion of the world in which he lives. We are also bound to respond to such a work on the basis of what it says to us as individuals. On all three counts "Camino Real" leaves me troubled and unhappy.

Before coming to my own unfavorable reaction to Mr. Williams's play, let me in fairness point out that it has its staunch champions. My critical confreres may in most cases have had the same reservations about it that I have. Hence their reviews may have yielded few of those "quotes" which are supposed to send people trooping to the box office. A few days after the opening, however, huge advertisements in the *Times* and *Tribune* made clear that, regardless of what the aisle-sitters may have thought, others who had seen "Camino Real" were ecstatic about it.

People with such different minds as Libby Holman, Gypsy Rose Lee, Valerie Bettis, Quentin Reynolds, Fannie Hurst, and Congressman Javits beat the drums for it loudly. Such fellow dramatists as William Inge, Paul Osborn, Clifford Odets, and John Steinbeck were no less enthusiastic. Let two of their salutes speak for all. Mr. Osborn shot the moon with the phrase, "As exciting and moving theatre as I have ever seen, anywhere, at any time." Mr. Steinbeck greeted "Camino Real" as "an honest and passionate piece, conceived as all good poetry is conceived in purity and set down with art and technique."

There is no quarreling with opinions. The more divergent they are and the greater the heat of controversy, the healthier it is for the theatre. In spite of my not admiring "Camino Real," I do agree with its defenders when they say (1) that it ought to be seen by anyone interested in the stage, and (2) that no one who has seen it will forget it. Liking or not liking has nothing to do with the obligation to see certain productions. Even dislike does not preclude attention; in fact, it can alert it. Nonetheless, I must admit the only statement made by the endorsers of "Camino Real" which mystifies me completely is the one by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge that "one leaves the theatre feeling less lonely."

I can only say that I have never felt lonelier in my life, more inundated with frustration, more tempted to despair for the human race, or more melancholy about Mr. Williams's future. If "Camino Real" is an antidote for loneliness, then so is a ride in a hearse, a weekend spent at Bedlam, or a swim in a stagnant pool filled with dead fish. The world through which Mr. Williams guides us is a sorry mixture of Gehenna, the Kasbah seen (and inhaled) at noon, the "Inferno" as rewritten by Mickey Spillane, and "Paradise Lost" in a translation by Sartre.

MR. WILLIAMS is one of our ablest dramatists. "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" stand out among recent American plays. They were studies in negation or decline, which lived as much in the past as in the present. Their characters were mainly starved people who fed on dreams. They pretended to a gentility they had never had, substituted make-believe for reality, or avenged life for showing them no mercy by indulging in an animalistic cruelty of their own. Both plays had their mesmerizing virtues. The delicacy of their insight was unmistakable. Their sordidness was re-

*CAMINO REAL, a new play by Tennessee Williams. Directed by Elia Kazan. Settings and costumes by Lemuel Ayers. An Elia Kazan production presented by Cheryl Crawford and Ethel Reiner in association with Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. With a cast including Eli Wallach, Jo Van Fleet, Joseph Anthony, Jennie Goldstein, Frank Silvera, Barbara Baxley, Hurd Hatfield, Martin Balsam, David J. Stewart, etc. At the National Theatre, New York City. Opened March 19, 1953.

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deemed by a poetic quality, hard to define but nonetheless present. With exceptional skill they established the mood of their special settings. And in "Streetcar" this mood was strengthened by passion stated with a fierceness seldom matched in the contemporary theatre.

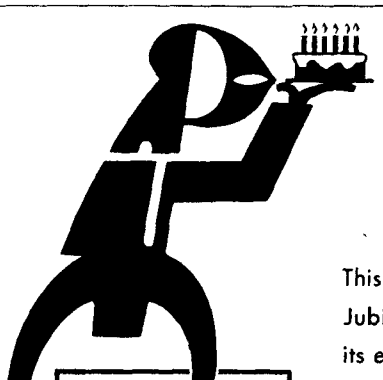
Many of these qualities, much of this magic, and some of this skill were present, in spite of its overeasy symbolism, in "Summer and Smoke" (written before "Menagerie" but played later). Not a few of these same qualities even manifested themselves in "The Rose Tattoo" which, though downright foolish in its plotting, did have its persuasive outbursts of passion.

From the time of his first success it was clear that Mr. Williams was a spokesman for negation. But how complete was his surrender to it few of us suspected until we read his novel, "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone." It was a poor book, poorly written; a grubby and clumsy chronicle of how a retired actress turned from one gigolo who was bad to another who was worse. More than anything else he has written Mr. Williams's unfortunate excursion into fiction, with its resolute stalking of decadence and degeneracy, revealed his low opinion of man and life. In "Camino Real" that opinion seems to have sunk even lower.

Mr. Williams urges audiences not to try to understand his new play but to sit back and take it as it comes. He likens his script to an allegory, a comic strip read backward, a serious circus, or a bazaar where the human heart is part of the bargain. The scene is not specified. With its ancient stonewall at the back, its tawdry hotels and dives, its shops, and its human refuse, it suggests any North African port.

Realism, however, is not Mr. Williams's concern. His search (commendable as a search) is for a new freedom of technique. His approach to the theatre is comparable to Dali's approach to a canvas. The unconventionality of his method, even its deliberate freakishness, would be welcome, and might be exciting, if only Mr. Williams's endless symbols were less confusing and if he had anything to say which justified the elaborateness of his means.

I make no pretense of understanding "Camino Real." I know that in it Mr. Williams is dealing with travelers, trapped or condemned, who have only three means of escape—death; being lucky enough to get away to nowhere on an airplane called the Fugitivo; or a jump from the high wall that may lead them across a great desert to distant mountains. I know, too, that when his characters die two street-cleaners, as sinister as storm-troopers, swoop down on them, dump the bodies into a pushcart, and wheel them away. And I gather that the sole persons



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for whom Mr. Williams has any respect or holds out any hope of not being disposed of like garbage are such romantics as Lord Byron or Don Quixote, who somehow wander into his timeless and troubled world. World? Morass would be the more precise word for this place of lost souls in which Mr. Williams brings together thieves, pimps, beggars, cheats, a homosexual, a madame, her prostitute daughter, Casanova and Camille in their ebbtide years, and Kilroy, a young American prize-fighter who suffers from a bad heart.

That "Camino Real" has a kind of horrible fascination, I concede. However confused or confusing it may be, it often benefits by Mr. Williams's gift for both language and the stage. Mr. Kazan's production is a stunning tour de force. And such actors as Eli Wallach, Hurd Hatfield, Jo Van Fleet, Joseph Anthony, Barbara Baxley, and Jennie Goldstein, are all excellent. But I must add that, though Mr. Williams's freak show did not bore me, I have seen few plays which left me more depressed about their authors.

"Camino Real" is a sick play. In it Mr. Williams is writing about the dead, not the living. If we, the living, are as dead as he seems to believe, it would be better by far to have the bomb dropped, and at once. Mr. Williams's is an insect rather than a human comedy. Unlike William Faulkner at Stockholm, he does not decline to accept the end of man. In his cosmos man is finished and unworthy of redemption. Having lost all faith in himself, and all reason for us to have faith in him, man, as Mr. Williams sees him, deserves nothing except oblivion.

MOST of us know better than that. We live with our weaknesses but have our strengths, too. Mr. Williams's blindspot is that he admits only the weaknesses. Literature which matters, the kind of literature so ably defended by Van Wyck Brooks in "The Writer in America," judges man *as he is* in terms of *what he might be.* His potentialities are no more lost sight of than his faults are underplayed or his virtues ignored.

If Mr. Williams's new play is less than little, it is because Mr. Williams himself has apparently abandoned all belief in greatness. Splendor is not a word in the vocabulary of his characters. Neither, for that matter, is goodness, nor kindness, nor health, nor happiness, nor purpose, nor true accomplishment. For this very reason what Mr. Williams offers us as a play in "Camino Real" is no more than a flea circus.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SR Goes to the Movies

THREE FOR THE MONEY

—From "Giselle."

Alicia Markova on the dais—"her point-work, her arabesques and turns are perfection."

FILM reviewers, naturally enough, generally see pictures a good long while before release date, often as much as several months. Sometimes it becomes difficult to generate real enthusiasm for a current crop simply because one knows that far better films are just in the offing, as is the case right now. Call this an average week of good commercial film making, then, with a reasonably agreeable assortment of standard screen fare to choose from. "Trouble Along the Way" (Warners), for example, starts out as a refreshing and different little comedy. Charles Coburn, the unworldly rector of a Catholic university sadly in need of funds, enlists the services of a not-too-scrupulous football coach, John Wayne, to organize a crack eleven that people will pay money to see. Wayne's plan is simple. Gate receipts will go to the Fathers, but the income from parking concessions, hot dogs, and pennants—the "angles"—will be shared by the team. On that basis he is able to pull together a top squad. By threatening to use Church influence to check Sunday football, he forces his games into one of the big New York stadiums. And the Cardinal, after a little polite prodding from Coburn, arranges for old St. Anthony's to take on Notre Dame, Holy Cross, and an equally impressive roster of other contenders.

All of this is told with considerable humor and urbanity. Coburn rides herd on his faculty with an iron will, an acid tongue, and many a witty line. The primitive athletic equipment at St. Anthony's gives rise to further merriment, and even John Wayne occasionally unbends far enough to turn a phrase or venture a cynicism. But onto this rather novel story line has been grafted a sub-plot involving Wayne amorously with Donna Reed, a probation officer from the Domestic Relations Court, Marie Windsor, his predatory ex-wife, and little Sherry Jackson, his tomboy daughter. The wife is demanding custody of the child in an effort to win back her husband, all terribly involved and seemingly interminable. Between court actions and private altercations we do get an occasional exciting glimpse of football practice and play, but the cheerful tenor of the early sequences quietly fades away. Seems as if the "trouble along the way" was script trouble.

* * *

No script trouble, however, on Bob Hope's latest, "Off Limits" (Paramount). The Hal Kanter-Jack Sher story and screenplay is one of the

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strongest the ski-nosed comedian has ever had to work with, building amusing plot situations instead of relying simply on verbal gags. Shanghaied into the Army, Hope is assigned to the Military Police. His main job, it soon develops, is making a boxer out of Mickey Rooney, even though success will mean losing the affections of Mickey's aunt, beauteous Marilyn Maxwell. Naturally, Hope manages to win out on both scores, but not without some fairly ingenious complications—like giving his boy ring-side instructions during the big bout via walkie-talkie radio while following the fight on TV from a nearby bar. "Off Limits" is filled with good lines, several marvelous sight gags (during a physical exam the medic flashes a light into Rooney's ear and it shines out the other side of his head), and some fine, breezy songs. But the greatest single delight in this film is Eddie Mayehoff, an M. P. officer whose life is ordered by his field manual. With his dry, earnest, humorless voice, patiently instructing Hope and Rooney in the secrets of how to rise in the Army, Mayehoff creates a new figure of fun, the small-minded authoritarian. He all but walks off with the show. And since it's a Bob Hope film—with Mickey Rooney also around—that isn't easy to do. Incidentally, for fight fans, Jack Dempsey, Art Aragon, and Tom Harmon are featured in the fine boxing sequences, playing themselves.

* * *

From England comes a neatly plotted, slightly plodding little mystery film, "Murder Will Out." It's one of those affairs that starts out with feet walking into a lady's boudoir, the lady screams, a gun is fired, the feet disappear. Then you spend the rest of the picture trying to decide just whose feet they were. Since all the gentlemen involved are supposedly either authors or publishers, the small talk that goes on incessantly throughout the investigation is rarely dull—a bit obvious at times perhaps, but not dull. Especially not the lines given to James Robertson Justice, a waspish literary giant with an unpleasant word for everyone. Justice admirably manages to suggest that the character he plays, Jonathan Roach, actually could write a book, direct a play, or knock out an acceptable short story in a single morning. Also on hand, lending her cold but very real charm to the proceedings, is lovely Valerie Hobson, married to Jonathan but in love with another author mixed up in the murder.

At times the mystery is lost sight of completely, at times the turn of events seems mildly improbable, but the film is diverting enough. And if nothing else, it stresses the importance of having an air-tight alibi for every moment of the day—especially if one is keeping company with a highly potential corpse.

* * *

Balletomanes have a rare treat, a treasure that one hopes will endure long beyond its commercial run in the theatres. Alicia Markova has recorded "Giselle," her greatest role, in a distinguished short that has just come over from England, with Anton Dolin dancing opposite her and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Adam score. The film, running a little over thirty minutes, makes a few elisions in the ballet—particularly in the ensembles—but preserves all the solos and the *pas de deux* of the principals. The results are fantastic. All the precision, all the grace, all the fluidity of movement that make Miss Markova's work so breath-taking on the stage are seen here in close-up, magnified as only the movie camera can. And we find that none of it has been illusion. Her point-work, her arabesques and turns are sheer perfection, but perfection warmed by the soul of the artist. Through all the years that Miss Markova has made "Giselle" her own, she has never danced it better than this; nor has any great dancer ever left a better film record of her work. Dolin's work is also superb; while John Martin has supplied a discreet verbal synopsis that is always apt, never obtrusive.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the Lindsay-Crouse-Berlin show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron wanders into a French carnival and takes up with the puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

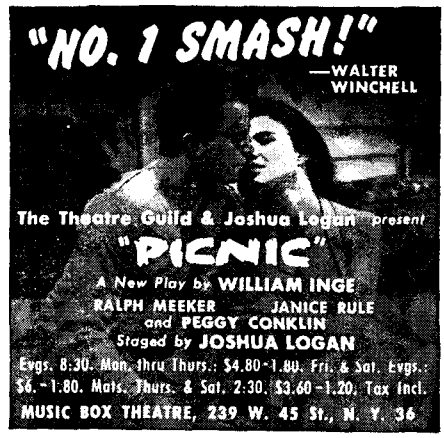
Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

Crash of Silence: Reviewed under its original title, "The Story of Mandy." Mandy is a seven-year-old deaf mute whose story is told in this sympathetic and adult British film. (SR Feb. 28.)

I Confess: Alfred Hitchcock conducts a victimized priest through numerous suspenseful tribulations in this thriller. (*SR* Feb. 21.)

My Cousin Rachel: Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

Little World of Don Camillo: Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (SR Jan. 17.)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TV and Radio

MISS FRANCES FROM CHICAGO

CHICAGO and Hollywood, of the three key TV-radio centers in the United States, choose often to stamp their municipal identifications on programs they originate. "From Hollywood" and "Chicago brings you" are familiar tags—signatures, perhaps, of callow provincialism. New York, that old Babylon, never bothers.

The lake metropolis is proud of its original "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie," its yesterday's Garroway. Five mornings a week now on NBC-TV the windy words are there once more—"Ding Dong School is held in Chicago." The blow is still brash but not without justification. Chicago has done it again. Let me be specific: NBC has done it this time, and more particularly, I am sure, the network's Judith Waller, under whose supervision "Ding Dong School" came to be. "Ding Dong School," if you have not heard, is television's only bone thrown exclusively to date to the pre-school child. It comes on at 10 A.M. in the east.

For a TV mother of discriminating taste who cannot afford a private nursery school the post-breakfast time can be the rock and the whirlpool. This is the children's hour Longfellow never knew. No "grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with the golden hair"—but the dishes to be done, the beds to be made, the diaper service, shopping, laundry, not to mention the morning pass at gregariousness over the telephone, and the call of the world and a fragment of culture via the morning newspaper. And the kiddies under foot!

Difficult to include them in—à la "family-oriented participation"—and infanticide to throw them to Arthur Godfrey. Now mother may throw them to "Ding Dong School's" Miss Frances (Frances Horwich), a pleasant, winning lady who talks to the pre-schoolers in a way any PTA would beamingly approve of. She rings a school bell, sings a small rhyme, puts picture puzzles together, takes dolly for a walk in a wagon, claps hands, shakes them out, cuts up paper rabbits—and, among an endless parade of "things to do," she primes Betsy and Tommy to pump daddy full of riddles when he comes home from the big world.

Lest this be taken to be condescending or jaded, let me reveal at once a serious, affirmative view of Miss Frances. This lady is deeper than sweetness and light. She loves children: what is more to the point, she seems genuinely to care about their intelligence, imagination, and creativity. She is not out wholly to exploit the tender monsters by titillating, exciting, or merely pleasing. Success has brought her two sponsors already—double encouragement for her restrained, effective integration of the sales messages.

I watched "Ding Dong School" a full week recently with my own four-year-old, and I was amazed to find that the two-way communication really works. Miss Frances said: "Simple Simon says, 'Get up and walk around your chair' "—and Diana did! Miss Frances put things in a scrapbook, and a day later . . . ! Miss Frances counted one-two-three in Chicago—and four-five-six echoed in Connecticut! Miss Frances's secret is her child-world rhythm of thought and feeling. To move slowly, smoothly before the camera is now some sort of TV primer; what Miss Frances has done is to make of slow motion a TV art form.

People on television seem always to be trying to cram as much into their time intervals as possible. Miss Frances reverses field completely. Question, comment, movement of body, hands and feet are unfailingly measured, open-spaced, and waiting—waiting for the child's imagined response to A before B is ventured. The elements of "Ding Dong School" are intimate and inward, not outward from the child: "What did you do over the weekend?" —the library book, the market with mummy, gas station with daddy, the wind, the rain making puddles on the ground and streaking the windowpane.

On such chords Miss Frances establishes a relationship of the known, the immediately experienced: and in a gentle, restful, evocative manner she attempts to draw the child viewer to push back the boundaries of his own limitations into ever-widening circles of fulfilment. In her last five minutes she tells the child to go get mummy and run off and play while she talks to the parent, suggesting follow-throughs and offering useful hints on what goes on in junior's teeming mind as the seasons of his moments roll.

If anything in "Ding Dong School" may be questioned, it is this dichotomy of parent and child. Mother may, perforce, palm kiddie off to the TV teacher while she takes a breather—but this is of necessity not choice. No reason why mummy should not be encouraged to share, if she can, the experience. Some may cavil that "Ding Dong School" fails to hold the wandering child mind for the full twenty-five minutes. If so, this is the fault not of Miss Frances, but of TV's nether world of rowdy howdies and gallumphing doodies which set a context of the loud and the fast.

Better the smallest savor of childhood's inner core of tranquility than the full diapason of strident guffaw and shower of lead. "Ding Dong School" could, perhaps, lead the child viewer somewhat farther than it does now into areas of experience not so intimate, but at all costs let it stand an inviolate island in a sea of moppet mayhem. The wind that blows again from Chicago is welcome and salubrious after a long winter of childhood-TV discontent.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Topaz

By Mae Winkler Goodman

The topaz for November . . . gold to gold,
Leaves drifting down in pools of golden light.
Amber, saffron, citron, fold on fold,
Leaves sifting down, or goldfinches in flight.
Amber, lemon, yellow, one by one
The leaves float down, and gold to gold once more,
The glint of cornsilk gleaming in the sun,
Or golden plovers on a golden shore.

Yellow and still more yellow, warm and rich,
The glow of sherry in the lucent air;
The amber of the apricot, the peach,
And women sunning out their golden hair.
Here is the topaz, shimmering and sunny,
Swim golden bees in seas of amber honey.

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Music to My Ears

BING'S THIRD SEASON—"REGINA" AT THE CITY CENTER

THE conclusion of Rudolf Bing's third season as director of the Metropolitan Opera shows fewer high spots than either of his preceding ones, something of a leveling off in day-to-day standards, a more than casual suggestion that the total problem—assuming that one is striving for quality results—tends to become more, rather than less, involved. Musically, "The Rake's Progress," "Forza del Destino," and "Boris" in English showed us the kind of standards to which Bing and his associates aspire; the reappearance of "Don Carlo" and "Così" attested that the good deeds of the recent past were not overvalued.

How these can be made the operative standard of the house, however, remains a considerable problem. Neither "Rigoletto" nor "Carmen"—both restaged in the season preceding—seemed to me to have retained the integration they possessed when first seen and heard; the new "Bohème" was so beset by changes of cast that the results were highly variable from one performance to the next.

Whatever the considerations that shaped the choice of repertory, it did not emerge, finally, as well balanced as those of the preceding seasons. The investment of time and money in the new production of "Bohème" made mandatory as many performances (eleven) as it had; but the Puccini scales were heavily overweighted with no less than eleven performances of "Tosca." Moreover, the company lacks an outstanding performer for any single role in the opera, and the best interpreter of merely one of them—Robert Weede's Scarpia—was seen only three times. Eight performances of "Butterfly" were also excessive.

Though the Metropolitan is better supplied with singers of Mozart than with virtually anything else just now, only "Don Giovanni" was heard (in addition to the excellent "Così"). The one grouping of Harshaw-Lewis-Warner-London-Peerce-Kunz gave superior results to Max Rudolf on one occasion, but with other personnel on other occasions the results were otherwise. Likewise, the "Meistersinger" directed by Fritz Reiner, in which Victoria de los Angeles sang her first Eva, had more that was satisfying than other performances. "Gioconda," like "Forza," justified itself when the best singers performed in proper voice; "Samson" hardly did.

In utilizing the basic structures of the old "Lohengrin" production for a better-looking, more functional decor, Bing has ventured in a direction that might yield valuable results in the future. The organization of a reasonably suitable "Boris" from other works done for the Met by Mtsislav Dobujinsky also testified to the enterprise of the production staff.

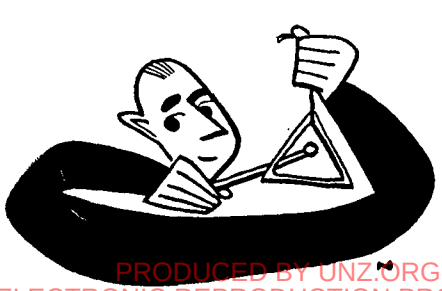
None of the new principals—Hilde Zadek, Endre Koreh, Sigurd Bjoerling, Josef Greindl, even Erich Kunz (apparently out of place in this theatre)—did more than acceptably. Margaret Harshaw added to the esteem for her, as did Paul Franke and Lucine Amara. There was, in this opinion, too much of Eugene Conley, Kurt Baum, Brian Sullivan, and Delia Regal for the quality of the work they turned out, though the unexpected absence of Giuseppe di Stefano doubtless accounted for the excessive evidence of some other tenors.

Season No. 3 was on the whole the least happy of the Bing series. Whether this may be attributed to an overcommitment of time to such projects as "The Rake's Progress" and "Boris," a series of untoward developments respecting personnel, a lack of balance in repertory, or deficiencies in planning, the quality sagged more often than it soared.

* * *

Marc Blitzstein's reworking of his setting of "The Little Foxes," known in its original form for Broadway and again at the City Center as "Regina," does not seem to me a substantially better work than it was before, but it was well deserving of the effort applied to it. This apparent paradox is easily explained: "Regina," for all its lack of integration or perfected style, shows very well the special capacities of the company and how its resources can be best utilized.

As a spoken drama, "The Little Foxes" is so action-packed that the music tends more often to be an intrusion than an accessory. The present version lessens, somewhat, the abrupt transitions from song to speech that jarred in the form in which it was first heard, but I found more interest in the devices Blitzstein invented than the substance carrying them.



Nevertheless, it was heartening to see the way in which Brenda Lewis as Regina Giddens and Ellen Faull as Birdie (also Emile Renan, Michael Pollock, Lawrence Winters, etc.) reacted to the opportunities it offered. With Priscilla Gillette as Zan, Leon Lishner as Ben, and William Wilderman as Horace added to the company, they provided consistently understandable enunciation of the text, plausible physiques for the roles, a good deal of temperamental affinity for the persons portrayed. The vocal sound was mostly appropriate, too. The production was Horace Armistead's original one, thoughtfully preserved by Cheryl Crawford following the Broadway run, Robert Lewis was the stage director, and Julius Rudel conductor.

Record Week

ONE of the constant desires of our readers—as gathered from a steady stream of correspondence—is for comparative evaluations of duplications in the standard repertory as they occur. More often than not, we try to provide such guidance, but the listening time required to keep abreast of current issues almost forbids a reconsideration of more than a scattering of records from the past.

Thus it is a special convenience when manufacturers' release dates happen to coincide and give us new specimens of old favorites at the same time. Currently the work favored is Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra for Capitol (S-8192, $5.72) and Georg Solti in charge of the London Symphony Orchestra for London (LL 708, $5.95). Both are decidedly superior, in sound, to such restorations from past catalogues as the Rodzinski-Chicago on RCA or the Mitropoulos - Minneapolis in Columbia's low-priced "Entree" series.

It is rare, indeed, to find a relatively esoteric work like the "Scotch" enjoying such equitably sympathetic treatment as Solti and Steinberg provide. The latter's conception is somewhat bigger than the former's, but where they diverge most strongly is in the concept of how a recording should sound. In the manner of previous Pittsburgh recordings, this one

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is framed with a good deal of the acoustic aura of Syria Mosque, perhaps too much so. The single mike pick up gives fine detail, especially of the special kind of woodwind writing in this score, but the strings have more rasp than appeals to my ear, especially in forte passages. On the other hand, London's sound for Solti is typically close in, warmer and more likely to wear well.

No such fine points of comparison need be invoked in matching what Eduard van Beinum does with the usual series of excerpts from Schubert's "Rosamunde" music (London LL 622, $5.95) with Leopold Stokowski's overproduction of much the same basic material for RCA Victor (LM 1730, $5.72). It recalls a comment made by one of Stokowski's colleagues about a pitfall that looms for all in this peculiar profession: that, like the chef whose taste becomes a little jaded and adds one touch and then another of seasoning to the point where the dish becomes inedible, the conductor must guard against the kinds of stresses and refinements that serve to pique only his own interest. There are so many in Stokowski's playing of the overture alone as to stand as a classic in this kind of impropriety.

Much more attractive is the even, attentive work of Van Beinum, whose Concertgebouw Orchestra treats the score with the colors due it rather than the Wagnerian swellings and heavings of Stokowski. On the whole, I am still partial to the spirit and grace which Dean Dixon brought to his treatment of the complete score in the Westminster issue from Vienna mentioned here last month. Both of the current releases, incidentally, use the familiar C major overture rather than the D major one included by Dixon because it was heard at the first performance.

The ramifications presented by comparisons is perfectly illustrated in the present case, with Van Beinum choosing a group of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" excerpts for his second side and Stokowski favoring the "Prelude" and "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal" in a "symphonic synthesis" of his own. Each is a typical instance of the conductor's personality, which means that if you are interested in Schubert, Van Beinum (or Dixon) is your man; if you are interested in Stokowski, either the Schubert or the Wagner serves his purposes as well. I may add that the beauty of the sound and its superb realization almost make one listen to the Stokowski orchestra in spite of its conductor's taste in seasonings . . . also, syntheses.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

BOOKED for TRAVEL

DESPERATE DUBLIN

DUBLIN.

IT IS quite probable that the news of the impending British coronation is common knowledge here in Ireland, but if the event is recognized at all, certainly it is not expected to conflict with the big celebration of the year, the Irish Homecoming. "An Tostal," as the homecoming is being called in Ireland's resurgence of Gaelic, is a muster of Irishmen living the world over and an invitation to visitors to see the new land that has sprung up in the past thirty years.

An Tostal will be celebrated with Aeriochtai, Ceilidhe, and Cuirmeacha Ceoil, which is to say open-air entertainments, dances, and concerts. It is unlikely that Irishmen will refer to them in anything but perfectly understandable English words, for few of them know Gaelic and most of them view its pronunciations as "desperate," a word of current local popularity that corresponds to the British use of "shocking."

Gaelic is being taught in the schools, street signs have gone up in Gaelic as well as English, and the government-supported Radio Eireann performs frequently in the ancient tongue. But as a friend who broadcasts Gaelic plays over the Irish air told me, "Just think! When that red light flashes on and the first Gaelic words go out over the air, we are being tuned out in homes all over Ireland. Incurables of years standing are getting up and walking over to the radio to turn it off." When Senator Taft's son was appointed as Ambassador to Ireland a great fuss was made in the American press of his knowledge of Gaelic, but one wonders with whom he will converse.

The modern Irishman's difficulty with the tongue of his forbears infers, however, no diminishment of nationalism.

One is told that Ireland participates neither in the U.N. nor in NATO because to join would be to give tacit approval to the existing borders between the republic and Northern Ireland. The division is a sore point indeed, desperate, you might say, and the inequities of it are outlined in outraged bulletins which are disseminated to transatlantic passengers at Shannon Airport.

A RASH of letters has broken out in the local press while I have been here deploring the fact that an American flag was carried in Dublin's St. Patrick's Day parade, an act which seems to infer some sort of allegiance to the United States. Nor was the Irish Ambassador's action in giving Eisenhower a shamrock applauded at home. Might as well give one to the Queen of England, humphed a correspondent. The schools in Limerick have decided not to take part in the Tostal Sports Carnival parade because "foreign games organizations intend to march in it." One speaks tenderly of Eng-

—*Fogra Failte.*

Moore Street—"Ten pence a pound the sound tomatoes."

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land here as "the far side." And though one Irish manufacturer did turn out some Coronation tumblers embossed with "E.R." and the royal crest, the drinker, having quaffed the contents, is confronted with the legend "Up the Republic!" printed in the bottom of the glass.

I journeyed over from the far-side the other day taking *The Irish Mail*, a crack train of the British and Irish Railways that has been coursing over the same tracks since 1848. It leaves London late in the afternoon and if you dally with tea (an endless procession of sandwiches and cakes for twenty-eight cents) and then sign up for the late seating at dinner you find you will have fairly well disposed of the trip. There seemed hardly time between meals to go back to my compartment to listen in on a trio of Welshmen—we were slicing through Wales—discourse on David Lloyd George, the most famous Welshman of modern times. Since these opinions were delivered in Welsh, a language fraught with letters that are double f's and double d's I was obliged to wait for translations, and thus occupied it was no time at all before *The Irish Mail* had arrived in Holyhead. From there you board a ship inevitably named the *Hibernian* and sail overnight in an immaculate stateroom to Dun Laoghaire, née Kingstown, a few minutes from Dublin.

There is not enough I can say for the hotels in Dublin, for they are well kept, handsome, and—by the standards of Britain and France—inexpensive. A room in the Gresham furnished in the best Paris taste with radio and lavender-tiled bath comes to $5.25 a day, and that includes a breakfast of grilled kippers, eggs and bacon, and coffee. The Shelbourne resembles Claridge's in London but its prices resemble the Gresham, and the Royal Hibernian, an ancient black and white landmark on Dawson St., is faultlessly manicured and offers bed and breakfast for $4.20.

THE food is good, plain, abundant, and not expensive at any of these hotels, but you can supplement your list with several masculine, old-timber and polished-brass places that are scattered around town. The Dolphin offers monkey gland steak for about 85 cents, in such surroundings, the appellation referring to the sauce, not the meat. It also serves angels on horseback (oysters wrapped in bacon), and devils on horseback (chicken livers in bacon). Jammet's gets the racing crowd, which is virtually everybody in town, to whom it feeds lobsters and stout.

Stout is, to be sure, the milk of the land, and Dublin consumes a black,

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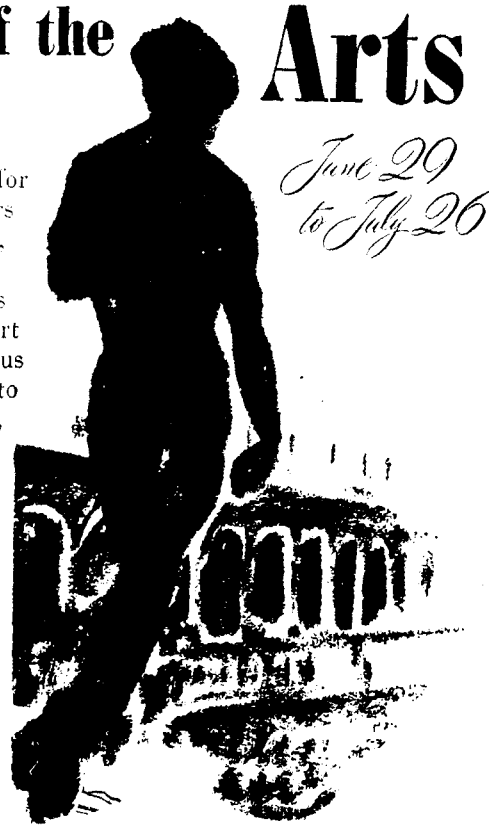

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Code Name for Christmas

By THURMAN PRICE

CHRISTMAS last year got a code name as a by-product of a campaign that Pan American World Airways had led for many years, the campaign for tourist air fares across the Atlantic.

IN MAY, 1952, success crowned their efforts, and the first Atlantic tourist air fares went into operation; but the long fight had a secondary and especially delightful outcome. Last Christmas, for the first time, thousands of service men and women stationed in Europe spent holiday furloughs at home—with a resultant tremendous uplift of morale.

Pan American worked out the project with the co-operation of the American Express Company—and, of course, the Armed Services.

UNDER A "FLY NOW—PAY LATER" PLAN, all men and women with a 30-day furlough were permitted to take part in this scheme—given the apt code name of *Operation Way Back Home*. More than a thousand of them came by Pan American alone. Extra flights of *The Rainbow*—Pan American World Airway's famous tourist air service—were made, with every service man and woman guaranteed a seat.

And in some cases where, for one reason or another, a service man or woman could not come home, Pan American did the next best thing and made special arrangements for his family to visit him in Europe.

Operation Way Back Home is one example of air transport making new things possible for an ever-growing number of people. Another is *Town Hall of the Air*, which went around the world with Pan American, holding free discussions in 12 countries. Air transport alone made such a project practicable!

The visit by the Detroit Chamber of Commerce, for a fresh look at South American business, was a product of the air age, too. Low-fare tourist services, pioneered by Pan American in South America, Europe and elsewhere, are examples of air transportation bringing foreign vacations to thousands who never before could have afforded the time or the money.

Pan American believes that air transport can be a creative power leading to a better way of life for the public it serves.

(Advertisement)

rich malty river of it every day, much of it from aluminum barrels which the tippling fraternity calls "iron lungs." Stout and Guinness are virtually synonymous terms, and the Guinness Brewery at St. James's Gate is one of the city's prize landmarks. Tours are run through it several times a day, and visitors learn, as did I, that it is the largest brewery in the world, covering sixty-six acres of real estate, using eight miles of railway, and employing 3,600 people, including a barrel smeller who is hired for the sole purpose of whiffing the empty casks to see that they have been properly cleaned. Most wooden barrels these days are giving way to the aluminum iron lungs which the Irish, like the English, pronounce "al-yoo-min-ee-um." Guinness brews porter for local thirsts, extra stout for the U.K. and Ireland, export stout (which is stronger) for Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and foreign extra stout (which has more hops and is more bitter) for the U.S. Furthermore, the stout in Ireland is weaker than what goes to Northern Ireland and England, and all Irishmen who are offended by this intelligence may take up the matter directly with the Guinness people. Anyway, this has been going on since 1759, and 55,000 people come to watch the proceedings every year, ending with a stop in the sampling room for free tankards of porter and stout. A former teacher tells me that during a teacher's strike when funds had run out, he and a friend organized tours of the Guinness plant taking parties of thirty at a time and "makin' sure that twenty-two were teetotalers." A man had to live.

Aside from black beer there is more than a patriotic affinity for Irish whiskey and some hardy souls swallow potteen, or Irish moonshine, but that kind of libation takes a man with a stomach of al-yoo-min-ee-um. Lest the Irish get a reputation for free imbibery, I am informed that non-drinkers are sometimes inclined to wear a badge signifying total abstinence, and total means no lime juice either. Nobody offers a drink to an abstainer and if the man's own will gives way "the biggest drunk in Ireland would kick him out of the door," an informant has advised me. "Yes-sir," he told me, "a man violating an abstainer's badge would be bloody well filletted," which is to say, deboned.

So many of Dublin's pubs and saloons having reached international prominence because Ireland's writers drank there, I felt obliged in line of duty to render a report. Hiding my abstainer's badge under my lapel, I ventured forth to Davy Byrnes at 21 Duke St., which Joyce had called "Davy Byrnes moral pub" in "Ulysses." A haunt of Joyce and of Liam O'Flaherty, it was done over in 1941 and sports a modern cocktail-lounge decor and some murals I could only term as desperate. The Abbey Bar, once a favorite of Dudley Digges, of Barry Fitzgerald, and the Fay brothers (who organized the Abbey Theatre) has certainly not been redecorated, and it was filled on the night I stopped by with a covey of salty characters who were playing a ring-toss game in the little back room. A sign on the men's room read "Fir, Men, Hommes, Herren, Retret, Uomni," which I suppose takes care of all hands likely to enter the premises. O'Meara's on the quays has harps all over its outside walls and greyhounds and shamrocks, a pair of symbols rather dear to the hearts of the local populace, are extravagantly whittled on its wooden door.

One hardly knows with whom one tipples in Dublin, for one morning in Jerry O'Dwyer's pub on Moore St., whence I was escorted by Niall Sheridan and Jimmy Clare of Fogre Failte, the government's publicity office, we were shortly in the company of Shamus Cavanaugh, of Radio Eireann, and Brinsley McNamara, who is credited with "Glorious Uncertainty," "Look at the Heffernans," and other plays. Mr. McNamara puffed his briar but Mr. Cavanaugh spilled in my ear the word that the playwright had directed the Abbey Theatre and had toured with it in company with Sarah Allgood and Arthur Sinclair some forty years ago. Biddies who had already reached their majority in those days sat alongside us there in O'Dwyers, their weekend provisions in a bag by their feet, their black hats pulled

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down on their gray heads, their black stout on the table before them. They had bought a joint of lamb or mutton, for one had to have a joint on Sunday and fries would not do. We, meanwhile, were occupied with the Dublin telephone directory counting up the O apostrophes, of which there are 3,100 from O'Bannon to O'Tuathalain. Outside, Moore St. was a Spanish market, and when the door opened you could hear the call of the lady hucksters. "Eight pence a pound the onions," they would call. "Ten pence a pound the sound tomatoes," and Shamus advised me that meant "those that had not fallen asunder."

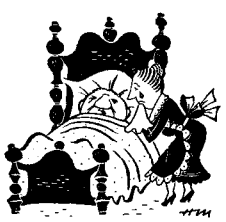
Ireland's other big occupation is the Irish Sweepstakes. I went out to Boyle's Bridge in Dublin's suburbs to find a four-acre building occupied by 2,000 girls. Four teams were on hand back in the mixing room, a salon decorated with murals of jockeys, paddocks, and Arctic Prince, winner of the 1951 English Derby. Two teams in blue dresses and yellow dresses were scooping up tickets from baskets and dropping them into a huge drum which was fitted with an electrical mixer. While two teams in green dresses and red dresses were resting on the sidelines, five million counterfoils were being shuffled, a whistle blew to start and stop the mixing and a loudspeaker played "Old Shanty Town."

For the final picking the No. 1 Army Band plays in Sweepstakes Gardens and lunch and tea is served on the lawn. A special staff of geographical experts is permanently employed to locate such places as the Shan States of Mongolia, whence requests for tickets emanate. The whole thing is illegal as near at hand as England, or as someone put it, "If you're caught with a Sweeps ticket on the far side, you're for the high jump." Despite the rules the Irish Hospitals Trust, which runs the business, has raised £27,624,845 for charity and given away £68,870,190 in prizes, and $2.80 makes a pound.

A rather active publicity campaign is maintained, and once the Sweeps committee dispatched a trawler to the edge of the English coast and dumped hundreds of bottles shaped like fish over the side. Each bottle contained a note bidding the finder to write the Irish Hospitals Trust and give the name of their favorite pub. Seventy-seven bottles washed ashore at Sennen's Cove in Cornwall, or so the receipts indicated, and the committee promptly sent five shillings per person to each pub cited and invited the correspondents to have a drink on the Irish Hospitals Trust. Fellow turned up in New York harbor with a bottle and the hospital people stood him a drink at Jack Dempsey's. The luck wasn't so good at Bournemouth, England, however, where the police kept an avid watch on the shoreline and seized every bottle that washed in with the tide. Things get pretty desperate sometimes over on the far side.

—Horace O'Sutton.

Your Literary I.Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

"THE REST IS SILENCE"

Following are the last words (or at least the last reported utterances) of ten characters in literary works who are at the point of expiration, and who duly expire. You are asked to identify the moribund character, the work, and the author in each instance. Allowing five points for the first desideratum, three for the second, and two for the third, or ten points for each complete answer, a score of sixty is not disgraceful, seventy creditable, and eighty cause for cheers. Answers on page 41.

1. "A sail! a sail! I am saved!"
2. "Don't worry, darling. I'm not a bit afraid. It's just a dirty trick."
3. "The blind man!"
4. "But what has he tied it up like this for?"
5. "I 'ope you liked your drink."
6. "Athos—Porthos, farewell till we meet again! Aramis, adieu forever!"
7. "My father! must I stay?"
8. "A piece of string, a little piece of string—look, Mr. Mayer."
9. "Jesu!"
10. "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

THE MONTH FOR PRIZES

MARCH is the month of awards in the young people's book world. First came those of the Child Study Association of America, which this year selected two books: "Twenty and Ten," by Claire Huchet Bishop (Viking) and "Jareb," by Miriam Powell (Crowell). A special citation was given "Joel," by Nora Benjamin Kubie (Harper). Ann Nolan Clark won the Newberry Medal for her book "The Secret of the Andes" (Viking). This juvenile epic of great beauty fully deserves the distinction of the Newberry Medal, and it is to be hoped that it will contribute to make this book even more popular among boys and girls who may then discover the other outstanding works of Ann Nolan Clark. Mention should be made of the magnificent end papers by Charlot and the beautiful craftsmanship of the physical make-up of the book.

Runners-up for the Newberry Medal were "Charlotte's Web," by E. B. White (Harper), "Moccasin Trail," by E. J. McGraw (Coward-McCann), "Red Sails to Capri," by Ann Weil (Viking), "Bears on Hemlock Mountain," by Alice Dalgliesh (Scribner), and "Birthdays of Freedom," by Genevieve Foster (Scribner).

The Caldecott Medal was awarded to Lynd Ward for "The Biggest Bear" (Houghton Mifflin). Runners-up: "Puss in Boots," by Marcia Brown (Scribner), "One morning in Maine," by Robert McCloskey (Viking), "Ape in a Cape," by Fritz Eichenberger, "The Storm Book," by M. E. Graham (Harper), and "Five Little Monkeys," by Juliet Kepes (Houghton Mifflin).

The New York Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival will take place May 12-22.

—CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

A BEAR NAMED GRUMMS. By Bessie F. White. Illustrated by Sari. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 82 pp. $2.50.

Marie and Lars did not have any playmate. They were very poor and lived at the edge of a forest in Sweden. Grumms, the bear, becomes their friend. A well-conducted, simple story where the issue of what to do with a dangerous pet is met with humor, realism, and humanity. Unpretentious, lively drawings.

THE DOG, THE FOX AND THE FLEAS. By Kurth Wiese. New York: David McKay Co. No paging. $2.25.

Kurt Wiese tells this amusing story as the old fables are told—cryptically, objectively, and with humor. This is an unusually funny tale and the drawings are as expressive as any that this ever popular artist has done.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE HORSE WITH THE EASTER BONNET. By Jane Thayer. Pictures by Jay Hyde Barnum. New York: William Morrow & Co. 48 pp. $2.

You do not have to live in New York to enjoy this tale about Josie, one of the horses who pulls carriages around the Park. Josie had no costumers because she was too hungry to trot. And Easter was coming. The solution imagined by the author and pictured by the illustrator is humorous and convincing.

THE LITTLE RED FIRE ENGINE. By Graham Greene. Illustrated by Dorothy Craigie. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shephard Co., Inc. 44 pp. $2.

A fire engine is always a popular subject, and Mr. Graham Greene's name is always an eye-catcher. But if we are to deal with such an anachronism as a horse-drawn fire engine, the outcome of the plot should be such that it sounds plausible and satisfactory to a present-day five-year-old boy. And when it comes to pictures, bright colors are not sufficient to convoy the virility of the fire-engine world.

STEPHEN'S TRAIN. By Margaret G. Otto. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. New York: Henry Holt & Co. No paging. $2.00.

A five-year-old rides on a train all by himself to go to his Grandmother's house for a visit. Excitement, anxiety, interest, which fill little Stepehen will

—From "Robins in the Garden."

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trike a familiar note within the heart f many youngsters.

A SALLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by William Stobbs. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 184 *pp.* $2.50.

There is nothing new to say about ıe explorations of La Salle. His jour-eys have been checked and re-ıecked until almost every mile of ıem is recorded fact. So are the ıan's characteristics, his scholarly ıind, cold courage, superhuman en-urance, and far-reaching vision that ıw all North America as a French olony. This book is an attempt to resent these things in a way young eaders can understand. There is a ndency to pass lightly over some of a Salle's greatest problems, which ose from the jealousies of church-ıen, politicians, and fur merchants, ıt on the whole it is a good intro-uction to a great man who played ı important part in early American istory.

—Merritt P. Allen.

IRST FISH: What should you know to catch him. Written and illustrated by C. B. Colby. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 48 *pp.* $2.

Being an amateur fisherman myself, has always seemed to me that books out fishing never said what I want-l to know. But this book does. Per-aps because the ten-year-old son of e author helped write it. Explana-ons both in text and pictures are mple and clear: where to fish; orms; how to bait cast; taking care your tackle, etc. Because there is othing bookish about this volume ıy child can take it along on his fish-g outing. It is meant to help you tch your first fish. And I bet ten one it will (and many more), hatever your age right now as a ginner.

OHN JAMES AUDUBON: HIS LIFE. By Catherine Owens Peare. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 89 *pp.* $2.

The French childhood of Audubon, s restlessness, his impractical mind. is coming to America. The years of ruggle for a scant livelihood earned ostly by Audubon's devoted wife. ıen the thrill of painting the birds, ıd the late recognition of his genius. ll told in swiftly moving, simple, rect language which will make the n-year-old love Audubon and the rds of America.

OBINS IN THE GARDEN. By Olive Earle. Illustrated by the author. New York: William Morrow & Co. 64 *pp.* $2.

—*From "The Horse with the Easter Bonnet."*

The life of a robin family from spring to fall often has been described, but I doubt if it was ever done with such a combination of poetic charm, drama, and minute naturalist accuracy. The drawings retain the same qualities. This unassuming book, with very large print, is a welcome addition to Miss Earle's outstanding series of science books.

HOW IT'S MADE. By Patrick Pringle. New York: Roy Publishers. 240 *pp.* $3.

Here are twenty-seven chapters and sixty pictures each describing some product of industry, with a throwback to its history and a glimpse of contemporary manufacture. The world is so full of a number of things, a good questioner ought never to be bored. Mr. Pringle's point is that we take our modern "necessities" for granted and ought to know where they come from whether we are daily users or young people looking for jobs, in mass production, bossing or pioneering. Every-day things in their creation are the very stuff of civilian history, and past and future wars. He doesn't say that quite so pointedly but he does describe the old wool wars, and talks about glass, nylon, oil, ropes, carpets and linoleum, water distribution, salt, pepper, mustard, chocolate from trees to bars, rubber, lighting, coal, money, and even books.

—Ernestine Evans.

RADAR WORKS LIKE THIS. By Egon Larsen. New York: Roy Publishers. 64 *pp.* $2.

This is a first-rate explanation of "seeing in the dark," which is one way of describing the invention's purpose. The book is rich in diagrams and pictures, always an enchantment for explanation of scientific principles and machines and tables of organization of work. The book is of British origin and tells the story briefly of British development of the instrumentality and how during World War II, in the air and on the sea, it helped save Britain from disaster. He does not omit to mention that the principle of radar was always there in nature. The bats operate on it.

All aspects of radar in the postwar world have their functions described in Mr. Larsen's book. How it brings order in Liverpool Harbor supervision, how used by the whaling fleets, by steamboats up the Congo River, and ships along the iceberg routes in the North Atlantic. There is a clear account of how radar is used on military and civilian airfields for ground-control approaches; how the international control of radar information is organized; how radar is used in aerial surveys designed to assist in mapping uncharted areas of undeveloped continents; and what uses astronomers make of it in their daylight studies. "How to Train for Radar" concludes the book. One is left with great respect for British engineers and inventors and grateful for Mr. Larsen's lucidity in explanation and emphasis on peacetime use of a war-speeded invention.

—E. E.

SOMEBODY'S HOUSE. By Edith Thacher Hurd and Clement Hurd. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Inc. 43 *pp.* $2.

Like birds, men build in the spring. Who does not remember the thrill of watching a house being built? But

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better than just watching, to be right there, in it, as it grows from the ground up. Such was the luck of Jimmy and Jenny as we, too, follow them through this book, which is the size of a picture book but can hold the interest up to twelve years of age. In fact, with its cross-section plans of electricity, water, and heat distribution, it is invaluable for an older group.

SPACE SERVICE. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Andre Norton. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 277 pp. $2.50.

Ten stories by outstanding writers of science fiction edited by an authority of this type of fiction for young people. In her introduction Andre Norton says, "To knowledge and the search for knowledge we have yet found no limit. For every new job, or old job in a new dress, which the future will open there will rise a man ready to assume the responsibilities it offers."

—M. G. D.

WHAT MAKES THE WHEELS GO ROUND. By Edward C. Huey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 176 pp. $3.

Mr. Huey's introduction to the study of physics is now a veteran of twelve years of questions and answers in his own classroom and in letters from correspondence courses with boys and girls around the world. The science master of the Calvert School in Baltimore has been helped to his revised version by his students. The text is clearer; a few mathematical tables that really belonged to more advanced course have been omitted. What writer or teacher or editor is there who does not need questions to bring out his best? The index is well done; and as refresher and/or initial course in physics many a parent will find this book a face-saver.

—E. E.

MORE MODERN WONDERS AND HOW THEY WORK. By Capt. Burr W. Lyson. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 192 pp. $3.50.

An Army sergeant returned this book with the comment that a lot of taxes could be saved if kids learned the ABC's of how things worked in this technological age earlier on. "They get the hang of specific information about machines and guns easier than we think, and earlier." The Sarge gave his okay to the chapters on rifles, ammunition, shotgun shells, and semi-automatic floating target pistols. Your reviewer enjoyed more the chapters on locks, television, hydraulic transmission in automobiles, weather instruments, and the way phonograph records are made. This is the Captain's twenty-fourth book and he spills out a lot of information and contributes to the adult education of reviewers. To be taken with a swig of poetry before or after, I'd say.

—E. E.

THE WINNING SPIRIT. By Clyde Grosscup. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 160 pp. $2.

LITTLE LEAGUE CATCHER. By Robert Smith. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 156 pp. $2.

BOY JOCKEY. By Roger Treat. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 160 pp. $2.

A football story, a baseball story, and a story of horseracing in the Barnes Junior Sports Novel Series. They are for younger rather than older boys and they all emphasize an honest, logical attitude toward the place of sports in a boy's life. Of the three "Boy Jockey" is, perhaps, the most valuable.

—M. G. D.

SECOND-SEASON JINX. By Burgess Leonard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 216 pp. $2.50.

This has plenty of big-league variety baseball, but the plot is fantastic. A seventeen-year-old schoolboy becomes a national hero his first year in the majors, slumps the second year, but comes back to pitch his team to victory in the World Series.

—M. P. A.

THE STORY OF PEOPLE. By May Edel. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 197 pp. $3.

This is a beautiful initiation for young people into the new science of anthropology, which casts its light backward on millions of years of evolution, reveals both likeness and differences between primitive societies, and the complex of the world young Americans live in. Written with wisdom and grace and vividly illustrated by Herbert Danska, it is crowded with an amazing amount of material. Mrs. Edel offers "good harvest" in her little memoir of Franz Boas, under whom at Columbia University she and so many others were trained in the laboratory of the study of all peoples. His work among the Eskimos and her own field trips to the village of the Bachiga tribe of black farmers in Africa, and to the Indians of the American Southwest, are adventure stories of a new kind. Cameras instead of guns; and much patience and listening and making of friends. She communicates the idea of scientific method, as it collects and analyzes the facts of custom, economic life, religion, arts, the culture of many societies.

There is no strident note as she dispels the old notion that there are sharp lines between five races of different colors, and white the superior color. She merely enlightens us by her bounty of factual observation of how all human beings blend into one mankind. She writes with scholarship, humor, and freshness. She takes the long view of earth and a sanguine view of the future when understanding, instead of fear and personal or national egotism, allows us the gift of seeing not only others, but ourselves, as creators of culture. Whether she is writing of people who have worms for lunch and like them, or admiring the way Eskimos make boats that can turn over in Arctic waters and still let no water in, or tackling medicine men, kings, witches, or marriage customs, she presents anthropology as a field of enrichment of our feelings as well as one of discovery of facts.

—E. E.

HOLIDAYS AROUND THE WORLD. By Joseph Gaer. Drawings by Anne Marie Jauss. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 212 pp. $3.

Chinese, Hindu, Jewish, Christian, Moslem, and other holidays, all explained simply and with a fine sense of their common origin. Mr. Paer is deeply conscious of the brotherhood of man and he knows how to make it evident to boys and girls through an easy study of holidays. Because of the author's good intentions and marked ability, this reviewer deplores that more care was not taken about the Christian section. There are inaccuracies and some unfortunate choices of words. All sections have been checked by authorities in the particular field, but evidently the Christian part did not receive adequate attention. However, the book remains valuable for the very holidays we know the least about.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 994)

ALAN BULLOCK:
HITLER, A STUDY (IN TYRANNY)

His twelve years' dictatorship was barren of all ideas save one: domination, dressed up as the doctrine of race and, failing that, a vindictive destructiveness. . . . It is this emptiness which makes Hitler both so repellent and so barren a figure.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 23)

t is as didactic drama that it should ɔe judged. It is jazzed-up history, to ɔe sure, but it is educationally illuminating all the same, a contemporary ɔolitical what's what, a propaganda ɔlast in the battle of ideas. It warns ıs against a Communist Pearl Harbor, t challenges us to achieve industrial lemocracy, it pulverizes the aims of Communism by quoting the imperialistic nihilisms in Lenin's and Stalin's ɔwn writings, and, while it makes ɔividly plain that not since Tamerane has Europe been so imperiled, t earnestly proclaims that men of ɡood will can yet bring peace on ɔarth. At seventy-five, Upton Sinɔlair has lost neither his verve nor ıis idealism. He knows how to transorm ideas into story; he is still a ırst-rate teacher.

Fiction Notes

NSIDE RED CHINA: Mark-Wyatt, hero of Michael Keon's **"The Tiger in the Sumıer"** (Harper, $3.50) is an American ournalist who was with the Comıunists when they were fighting the apanese invasion, went on to jourıalistic adventures in Europe, and ow is returned to China. The forces f Red China are prepared for the rive that will take over the land rom the Nationalists. Mark's return as a twofold purpose: journalistic bservation of developments in Red hina and a resumption of his love ffair with Yueh Ming. His accomlishment of those two purposes is ıe framework for Mr. Keon's novel. ıs a novel—despite vivid scenes, a umber of sharply realized characers, and a brisk prose style—it isn't ery successful. The main reason is ıat Mark as a journalist has no part ı the events that make up much of ıe book. He is a journalist, describing and interpreting what Mr. Keon feels is happening in Red China. Thus much of the book is not novel at all, but rather dramatized journalism. Mr. Keon has tried to supply the novelistic elements by giving Mark a fairly active sex life in a casual sort of way. He has also given him the aforementioned love affair with Yueh Ming. That one is doomed because Yueh Ming is caught up in the Communistic movement and Mark isn't. Though I doubt it was Mr. Keon's intention, Yueh Ming comes off as a more substantial person than our hero with his vaporous speculations and ultimate ineffectiveness.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

MELODRAMA IN VERMONT: Manchester, Vermont, is the scene of some rather preposterously melodramatic goings on cooked up by the renowned author who occasionally tosses off some things under the name of John Sedges. Tossed off is, I suspect, exactly what she did with **"Voices in the House"** (John Day, $3). William Asher is the book's hero, an eminently proper man intent on doing the right thing by his wife, his children, his servants, his principles. Trouble is he is really withdrawn, not emotionally involved with any of these. Well, the servants fix up that. The daughter of one and wife to another goes mad right before our eyes and, after a number of other mad things, murders gentle old Cousin Emma who really hasn't much to do with the story except to get herself murdered. There is also a very vicious dog who snarls about the place and finally has to be throttled to death. In the end William Asher is brought by the author to realize that he shouldn't be remote. —E. J. F.

AMERICAN DILEMMA: A few passages reveal the intent and import of Helen Upshaw's **"Day of the Harvest"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3):

"A nigger's got to die for this . . . I've got a wife and two daughters, and when a nigger does something like this he's got to die."

"You can't get away with criticizing white men and God . . . In their [the white men's] inadequacy they turn to us in a blind fury of hate, because we are a symbol of their guilt and their failure."

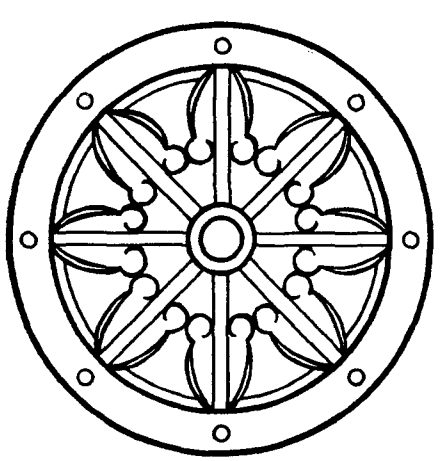
"You wouldn't sit in the same room with a college professor or a doctor or a plain nice man if he happened to have a black face, but you sleep with the women, no matter what they are."

As these passages suggest, "Day of the Harvest" is another novel about what Gunnar Myrdal has called An American Dilemma, the Negro problem that is basically "a problem in the heart of the white American." It involves the seduction of the almost white Noel by the presumably all white Philip Farrell. There is an abortion, the death of the Negro girl, an effort to avenge her seduction by her brother, an attempted lynching. The characters include the highly neurotic Vanessa, who considers the touch of a Negro rape; a weak-willed young white man; a Negro woman called a witch; a prominent white man who disapproves of lynch law; a timid Negro preacher; a wise, alcoholic; a moderate Negro doctor who wants to leave the deep South but stays with his people.

Miss Upshaw's promising first novel, in other words, is made of rather familiar ingredients. In plot it resembles Lilian Smith's "Strange Fruit"; in its ideas about race relations it is somewhere between Faulkner and Myrdal. Despite its derivativeness, "Day of the Harvest" may have many readers. Both the characters and the Louisiana background seem to be accurately realized; the intent is healthy, the intelligence behind the book acute. Miss Upshaw's novel may reach those who find Myrdal too long, Faulkner too foggy, and Lilian Smith too radical. One hopes so, for the problem she courageously presents still needs to be both presented and understood.

—Harvey Curtis Webster.

MORE PICARESQUE ADVENTURE: In true picaresque tradition, Adam Long, hero of Donald Barr Chidsey's **"Captain Adam"** (Crown, $3), starts off as a recently freed indentured servant, becomes captain of a trading ship plying between the Caribbean and Rhode Island, gets variously tangled with pirates, privateers, French men-of-war, and some pretty nasty smugglers, and wins through to fame, fortune, and the girl of his dreams. The girl of his dreams is the beauteous Lady Maisie Treadway who rather improbably lands on his ship early in the story and causes quite a bit of emotional ruckus from there on out.



LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Enoch Arden in "Enoch Arden" Tennyson). 2. Catherine Barkley in A Farewell to Arms" (Hemingway). Emma Bovary in "Madame Bovary" Flaubert). 4. Alyona Ivanovna in Crime and Punishment" (Dostoevsky). 5. Gunga Din in "Gunga Din" Kipling). 6. D'Artagnan in "The Man ı the Iron Mask" (Dumas). 7. Casabianca in "Casabianca" (Hemans). 8. Jaitre Hauchecome in "The Piece of tring" (Maupassant). 9. Gerard in The Cloister and the Hearth" Reade). 10. Paul Dombey in "Dombey and Son" (Dickens).

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She even is the occasion for a passage in which Adam visits London, engages in some pretty fancy duelling, thwarts a wicked gang of kidnappers and otherwise enjoys himself. In addition to all this he is variously captured by pirates, abandoned on a desert island without food or water, and permitted a number of amorous interludes. He also discovers that he is not really the son of a British earl as he has imagined.

The above is intended to indicate that Mr. Chidsey has provided plenty of action, for the most part readable action. He is particularly good at describing duels. The wealth of incident leaves little room for characterization and occasionally one begins to feel that Adam Long is having just a few too many lusty adventures and keeps coming off just a little too well. But Mr. Chidsey will carry you along if you're not too demanding.

—E. J. F.

FEUDING BROTHERS: Steve Swan and his brother hadn't been on speaking terms for years despite the fact that they jointly ran a prospering fishing and lobstering business in the small Maine seacoast town of Swan's Harbor. Temperamentally they were different: Steve, gay, carefree and willing to take his fun where he found it and avoid as much responsibility as he could; Art, painstaking and inclined to moroseness. Art had a deep-seated grudge against Steve based on a misunderstanding that Eleanor Mayo, author of **"Swan's Harbor"** (Crowell, $3), doesn't clear up until her book's end. This rather slim plot device is the least of the virtues in Miss Mayo's latest novel of the Maine coast. She has created a very real and believable community and convincingly described a way of life. Her most valuable gist is that of supplying her subsidiary characters with real personalities and problems. This adds immeasurably to the authenticity of atmosphere and the interest of her story, though occasionally it leads us rather far away from her main story line. I think most readers will like the people of Swan's Harbor. This reader did, and looks forward to the novel in which Miss Mayo will tackle a theme strong enough to stand beside her skill at characterization and dramatic incident. —E. J. F.

IN BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S SERVICE: Things are relatively quiet in the Highland Glens of the mid-eighteenth century when Grace Campbell opens her latest historical novel **"Torbeg"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.50). The Glens are lovely, Finlay Ban Grant is about to reach his majority and in love with the beautiful Caroline, soon to become his wife. But there are ominous overtones, mysterious strangers. Is Tearlach planning to return from France and lead a rising of the the Lairds and their clans to wrest a captured Scotland from the oppressive British? He is, and before you know it, Finlay and his brothers are involved in the campaign of Bonnie Prince Charlie. They are under siege, they are with the Bonnie Prince in his miraculous victories over the British, and they are also in on the terrible defeat at the gates of London. Finlay is captured and, unknown to his wife or family, shipped off to the Americas as an indentured servant. There he has more adventures before Caroline, who never believed him dead, catches up with him and, while the author tidies up all the loose ends of her plot, they settle down to a new life in the New World.

Mrs. Campbell is at her best in describing the Scottish scene, the life of the eighteenth century lairds, and the vivid action of Prince Charlie's whirlwind campaign. She is perhaps overly romantic about the Prince and his charm, and her American scenes have a frantic, contrived, and disjointed quality that contrasts unfavorably with the solid construction of her earlier passages. But she has provided a better-than-average historical reconstruction which is, for most of the way, rewarding entertainment. —MARTIN RICE.

TWO MORE ABOUT THE LOST DAUPHIN: It is devoutly to be hoped that authors of historical romance will one day exhaust the changes to be rung on the theme of the Lost Dauphin. That day isn't here yet. Author after author still runs us back to 1794 and puts us through his version of what happened when Citizen Capet disappeared into the darkness of history and the greater darkness of historical fiction. It is the fancy of Vaughan Wilkins in **"A King Reluctant"** (Macmillan, $3.50) that the little monster landed up in Scotland, dropped from a balloon into a fogbound graveyard. Now, who should be there to bundle him off to safety but daring, darling young Virginia Traill, an American? And who should arrive upon the novelistic scene but the handsome Duke of Brignolles? And what should result but, naturally, love? So there they are, full of love and loyalty to the Dauphin. Not without complications. That nasty Col. St. Brieuc is lurking about with some very disloyal ideas about the Dauphin and some pretty lustful ones about Virginia. It is all worked out at considerable length, to the satisfaction of Mr. Vaughan at least. The reader, if he would find out how, must struggle through a jungle of lushly orn prose and some dialogue that sou as if it were copied from the ca tions of a silent movie.

The prose of Willa Gibbs is l ornate but her imagination is equa fervid. In **"Seed of Mischief"** (Farr Straus & Young, $3) she gives l Dauphin a short life but a morl one. When we meet the young Char he is in the hands of the sadis Simon who feeds the lad brandy, be him with whips, and otherwise c rupts him physically and spiritua But the wicked Simon and his m ters are not reckoning with the lo ly Jeanne de France—a fancily vented character of Miss Gibbs wh resemblance to Jeanne D'Arc is pu ly intentional. The dedicated Jear gets herself pregnant by the Daupl and after he is dispatched runs arou Paris with the Dauphin's dauphin side her, upsetting the plans and pl of all the planners and plotters, cluding those of Napoleon whom s tangles with in highly dramatic fas ion. As in her previous novel de ing with the same period, Miss Gil provides solid backgrounds, believa historical detail, and a convinc atmosphere. Unfortunately the ings in the foreground are sheer nc sense. —E. J. F.

BATTLES SANGUINARY AND ROMAN Howard Breslin has taken some g if conventionally treated histori material, decked it out with so stirringly sanguinary battle scer and then almost wrecked the wh enterprise with as preposterous romance as ever fouled up a no of historical adventure. The novel **"The Bright Battalions"** (McGra Hill, $3.50). The setting is the between the French and the Engl that raged up and down Lakes Cha plain and George during the ye 1756 to 1759. The hero is Kevin O'C nor, an Irishman fighting on French side. Apart from the fighti which is splendid, there are troub with a corrupt French trader and w some venal French noblemen in C ada who are robbing the king's mies of supplies and building up c siderable fortunes. And then there that romance. Seems Kevin has b in love with a French noblewon who was a snob and couldn't ma him because he wasn't noble. Now has followed him to America to duce him, but of course not ma him. Well, she does. They flounce b and forth, in and out of the ba scenes at tedious length. Finally, no conceivable reason except the proach of the book's end, she c sents to marry him and does, there providing the most dubious ending recent fiction. —E. J. F.

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Just Published

Because of limitations of space, it has been impossible to review the titles described below in this issue. In many instances they will be considered at greater length in forthcoming numbers. New works of fiction are described elsewhere in this issue.

ARNOLD BENNETT. By Reginald Pound. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.75. Drawing mainly on unpublished correspondence, a noted English critic reconstructs the life and works of the novelist, with the literary period of 1900 to 1930 as a backdrop.

ASIAN NATIONALISM AND THE WEST. Edited by William L. Holland. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5. The development of Asian nationalism as an explosive force is analyzed through the speeches and writings of representatives of such areas as Malaya, Vietnam, and Indonesia in this symposium-anthology.

THE ATTACK. By R. H. Tawney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.50. The author of such contemporary classics as "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" and "The Acquisitive Society" is represented here by a collection of essays written over the last three decades on a variety of modern historical problems. One essay, "Christianity and the Social Order," is new.

BEYOND THE GREAT FOREST. By Virginia Prewett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. The autobiography of a newspaperwoman who took refuge from the Argentine of Peron in the jungle of Brazil.

THE BROADER WAY. By Sumie Seo Mishima. New York: The John Day Co. $3.50. A Japanese housewife gives a human interest account of old traditions and the present-day trend toward the emancipation of her country's women.

CAVALRY IN CHINA. By Robert W. Greene. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. Father Greene describes the uprooting of his mission in a small village in South China by the Communists and the prison term that followed for him.

ECONOMIC CHANGE. By Simon Kuznets. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $4. Business cycles, national income, and economic growth are treated in essay form by a professor of economics at the University of Pennsylvania.

ECONOMICS FOR YOU AND ME. By A. Upgren and S. Edmunds. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4. The authors attempt a popular account of the intricacies of our economic structure and how it works from banking to spending.

ECONOMICS IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE. By Edwin G. Nourse. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $6. A detailed consideration of the workings and effect of the Employment Act of 1946 by the first chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

THE ETERNAL VARIANT. By Edna Walker-Malcoskey. New York: Dial Press. $2.50. Verse that wings its way from social significance, lyrical and spiritual rhymes, and Elizabethan-like patterns.

FOLK TALES FROM KOREA. Collected and translated by Zong In-Sob. New York: Grove Press. $4.50. Professor Zong of the Central University of Seoul has collected almost 100 folk tales that reflect the long cultural tradition of Korea.

GOOD AND EVIL. By Martin Buber. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75. Bringing his recognized scholarship in comparative religion to bear on the problem of morality, this distinguished philosopher goes back to origins by examining old Israelitic and Persian lore.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PARADE. By H. J. Duteil. New York: Twayne Publishers. $3.75. A compendium of opinions by a European who feels that his represent the average views held there on American life. The portrait is unflattering to us.

JUST THE OTHER DAY. By Ward Morehouse. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. From a Southern childhood to a career as a Broadway drama critic is the autobiographical saga of Mr. Morehouse. He includes liberal helpings of reminiscences and reflections on the theatre.

LOW AND INSIDE. By Robert Osborn. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. The same sharp and biting satire that has marked Osborn's previously published cartoons.

MAN AND THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS. By J. Newton Friend. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6. The long history of chemical elements from stone-age hearths to modern cyclotrons is traced by Dr. Friend for student and layman.

MONEY, MEN AND MACHINES. By Waddill Catchings and Charles F. Roos. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50. A popular exposition of the money stream that courses through our economic, political, and social life.

MONEY MOUNTAIN. By Marshall Sprague. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5. Cripple Creek, Colorado, and its rise to boom town fame through gold strikes made in the area is the subject of this informal retelling of a vanished era.

A NATURAL HISTORY OF WESTERN TREES. By Donald Culross Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6. A noted naturalist-writer explains about everything there is to know when it comes to the near species of Western trees.

OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL WEDDING! By Virginia Rowens. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. With tolerant amusement and sympathy, the author describes the hectic pre-nuptial arrangements.

ONLY PARENT. By Louise Dickinson Rich. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. Having entertained audiences with her family and familiar doings in such books as "We Took to the Woods," author Rich now tells of the trials and rewards that attended raising her children following her husband's death.

PATHWAYS IN INTERNATIONAL LAW. By Arthur Kuhn. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4. While talking about his own experiences as a law student in America and Europe and the numerous case histories in his own files, Mr. Kuhn also makes clear what the student and the professional must know in order to understand the complexity of international law.

PERSIA IS MY HEART. By Najmeh Najafi and Helen Hinckley. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. From deep conviction, love of country, and urge to raise the status of women in her country, the author tells of her experiences as a member of an influential Persian family and her ambitions which made her psychologically and financially independent.

PREHISTORIC BRITAIN. By Jacquetta and Christopher Hawkes. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $3.50. From the first cultural signs of Palaeolithic Man up to and including the time of Roman conquest, the authors use archaeological clues to recreate social and domestic life.

ROMAN AND POMPEIAN PAINTING. By Amadeo Maiuri. New York: Skira Publishers. $15. Ancient Roman wall-painting is closely studied and reproduced in full-color plates in this handsome volume.

SLAVE MUTINY. By William Owens. New York: The John Day Co. $4. This chapter from New England's history deals with the slave trade in the early nineteenth century, having as its chief event a revolt aboard the Schooner *Amistad*.

TO THE BULLFIGHT. By John Marks. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A spectator's guide and manual for the fiesta de toros, which the author has followed closely for some twenty-five years.

TWO LIVES. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5. Mrs. Mitchell tells of her long career which included founding the Bank Street Schools in New York, service as dean of women at the University of California, and education work with children.

THE UNITED STATES AND INDIA AND PAKISTAN. By W. Norman Brown. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $4.50. Mr. Brown, an expert on India and South Asia, meticulously describes and explains the division of India and Pakistan into two states and the resulting problems in foreign relations for each.

WINDS. By St.-John Perse. Translated by Hugh Chisholm. New York: Pantheon Books. $5. The latest poetic work of a noted writer in the original French text and English translation. There are commentaries by such critics as Paul Claudel and Gabriel Bounoure. —S. M.

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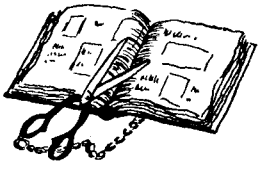

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RUSSIA

(*Continued from page 19*)

huge and ugly Moskva Hotel, an empty square in Stalingrad, a broken down country railway station that would fit in our Midwest, some peasants, and a few shots of the main streets of various small cities, taken discreetly from hotel windows.

The rest of the book—about four-fifths of it—is concerned with the ancient churches, palaces, kremlins (fortresses), and monasteries which display an astonishing variety of architectural styles: classical, Moorish, Byzantine, Romanesque, and baroque. The most beautiful of the churches seem to this reviewer to be the modified Byzantine structures with square or rectangular basilica surmounted by five drumlike spires (the four evangelists surrounding Our Lord), each of which is topped by a curious onion-shaped cupola. Some of these churches, with their multiple apses, elegant Romanesque arches, and carefully wrought fretwork carved of birds and animals rise with a direct grace and dignity that make many of our Western Gothic cathedrals look like unwieldy chunks of gingerbread.

Also sprinkled throughout the country and the book are the ruined palaces left over from the Czarist regimes—great heavy Renaissance buildings, sagging with accumulated decay and neglect, that look mournful and dead. Again, we are shown such pleasant oddities as the Greek-revival Cameron Gallery, which was designed for Catherine the Great by the Scotch architect whose name it bears, and which could easily have been hidden in Spanish moss.

The dates are always staggering: there are churches and kremlins built in the tenth, eleventh, or twelfth centuries when America was covered with forests and bark longhouses. We are surprised, too, by the number of churches, most of which are now museums, that are still open for worship. But above all, we get a distinct and lingering sense of Russia's heterogeneous and stormy past from Lady Kelly's photographs in images that are always powerful, imaginative, and solid, even if they are sometimes somber, harsh, and depressing. Despite its necessary shortcomings and rather steep price, this is an essential and illuminating book.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 15*)

tempted to draw together diverse material of this sort into a single volume could be expected to agree in all respects on what to include and what to leave out. The development of jet propulsion and high speed flight may have been unduly neglected in Mr. Bliven's survey, and although cybernetics is touched upon (in a brief discussion of giant calculators and weather predicting machines), there is very little about the many astonishing new "servo-mechanisms" which are likely to have enormous social consequences. A section on three-dimensional movies unfortunately overlooks the polaroid method, though a paragraph is devoted to a discarded technique which uses tinted spectacles.

For some time it has been fashionable in certain literary circles to argue that the so-called benefits of modern science are so nearly balanced by evils that no genuine progress in human welfare results. Mr. Bliven, chairman of the editorial board of *The New Republic,* and a distinguished liberal journalist, has long been among those who think otherwise. An atomic war might, of course, impede things drastically. "But," he concludes, "unless it assumed an aspect of total destruction that does not seem in accord with the facts of human nature, it would not bring progress to a halt. In short, the advance of scientific knowledge is in the process of rescuing mankind from many of our most serious dilemmas, slow and painful though our progress may seem to our impatient eyes."

Brothers of the Sun

ASTRONOMY THROUGH NAKED EYES: Probably the information about astronomy that people want most often is the identification of a certain object in the sky. Knowing what it is, they may then want to know something about it. Failing to have an astronomer present to ask (or perhaps even with one), the new revised edition of James S. Pickering's **"The Stars Are Yours"** (Macmillan, $3.95) would be a good source of such information.

The bulk of the volume is taken up with descriptions of the constellations, which are grouped according to those that cross the meridian at the same time. A chart is given of each such grouping.

Chart X, for example, shows constellations that are high in the sky on April evenings. One of the chief

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of these is Leo, the lion, distinguished by a sub-group called the Sickle, "a reversed question mark of stars, facing the west, with a very bright star as a period under the question mark," as the author describes it. Then he continues: "The very bright star at the foot of the question mark is alpha Leonis, Regulus, magnitude 1.3. It has a fainter companion, magnitude 8.4, which makes it a wide double star. The brighter star is white and is the same type as alpha Canis Majoris, Sirius, while the fainter star is a deep dusky blue. Regulus is not a large star—its diameter is only 3½ times that of the Sun. Its absolute magnitude is—0.3, as compared with 5.0 for the Sun. It is sixty-seven light-years distant and is one of the important navigational stars. . . . Some 4000 years ago, summer officially began when the Sun slid over in front of Regulus."

In preliminary chapters general information is given on such topics as the Sun, Moon, planets, comets, meteors, star distances and magnitudes, nebulae and the galaxy. An appendix contains tables of astronomical data, including lists of the positions of the naked-eye planets month by month through 1963. Thus, for the next decade the owner of this book will not only be able to locate the stars, but also the planets among them.

—James Stokley.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 513

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 513 will be found in the next issue.

QU AQG KGPLUNC

B DUPULOM GP

BPFGPU RGHUC QOS

DUMMUN MQBP

QU OC DURGHUX.

BNOCMGMRU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 512

Society is now one polish'd horde, formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored. —Byron.

CAN WE TRUST OUR TEACHERS?

(*Continued from page* 12)

tives of liberal education in a democratic society. Common and individual needs of students have been met by a reasonable variety in curricular programs. Those unable to profit educationally from a conventional regimen of studies are able to find courses of study appropriate to their interests and capacities no less, and sometimes more, instructive. On the score of educational preparation and achievement there is certainly no justification for limitation of academic freedom or intervention by the state.

Nor has the functioning of our academic institutions in any way violated ethical values central to the democratic way of life—leaving aside the altogether different problem posed by the practice of segregation in some states. As an institution, the college or university in America, at the very least, has contributed as much to an understanding of, and intelligent loyalty to, democratic ideals as any other American institution whether it be the press, the church, labor or business.

The question of the relationship between academic freedom and democratic loyalty I shall discuss in greater detail after trying to clarify some misconceptions about the nature of academic freedom.

WE often hear it said that academic freedom is the freedom to teach the truth. There is no freedom to teach error. There are truths about the world; there are truths about man and society; there are truths about human values. And only those in the possession of these truths, and who possess the necessary skills of imparting them, are entitled to academic freedom.

Something like this view must have been held by the President of a West Coast university who is reported as saying in justification of his recommendation that a scientist be dismissed for supporting the views of Lysenko: "Any scientist who has such poor power of discrimination to choose to support Lysenko's genetics against all the weight of evidence is not much of a scientist or has lost the freedom that an instructor should possess."

These are two entirely different things. A failure to discriminate between them would help Communists destroy academic freedom. If the scientist in question has lost his freedom to inquire into the truth by virtue of Communist Party membership, that is one thing. But if he has pitted his own independent judgment against the weight of scientific evidence, then, even if he is a thousand times wrong, he must be protected against dismissal. The very nature of scientific method permits anyone to challenge any of its conclusions. Its self-corrective procedures are the only assurance we need that the truth will be found.

After all, the important point about Lysenko is not whether his theory is right or wrong, or whether, as some Soviet apologists have been saying, "there may be something in it," but rather that the weapons of political terror and the dread authority of the Politbureau were used to settle a scientific dispute. It is this use of the police to decide questions of science which marks the cultural barbarism of the Soviet regime.

We must lean over backward to avoid the very shadow of suspicion that a man is not free to challenge even universally accepted truth.

This view that academic freedom is freedom to teach the truth is usually held by those who believe they have the absolute truth about the world, man and society—absolute truth which extends to man's supernatural ends as well as his natural ends. One need only ask for the absolute truths, belief in which qualifies the individual for the enjoyment of academic freedom, to see how dubious they are. Certainly no one has the right to teach error—so long as it is recognized as such. "Error has no rights," says Monsignor Ryan. Of course. Neither has truth in the abstract. Only human beings have rights. A scholar has no right to lie. But he has a right to err in his quest for the truth.

This means that the academic community must defend not any particular heresy which the teacher reaches but his right to profess that heresy no matter how abominable it may seem both to the academic and general community. Whoever touches one teacher because his doctrine is troublesome or pernicious touches all. Does this mean that the teacher or scholar is to be privileged and to seek immunity from criticism behind a rhetorical smoke screen about academic freedom? Not at all. The civil rights of the ordinary citizen guarantees him the freedom to criticize anyone he pleases, scholar or not, to

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listen to anyone according to his needs, and to talk sense or nonsense according to his capacities. But beyond this, and much more important, the general community, which upholds the rights of academic freedom, expects the academic community to apply the same solvent of criticism to the conclusions of the heretical and orthodox, the traditionalist and the trail blazer, the bringer of glad tidings and the prophets of doom. Continuous, forthright criticism; vigorous, informed, and incisive discussion: that is the circumambient atmosphere in which ideas must make their way in the academic community. Extremism, crackpottism, fellow travelling, whether Fascist or Communist, have a hard time surviving when faced by a succession of gusty challenges. The pity of it is that this criticism and discussion have been wanting in recent years, especially with reference to the intellectual excesses of totalitarian fellow travelers.

SINCE a democratic community is dedicated to the value of freedom, and since it is justified in expecting its institutions of learning to strengthen the sense of the value of freedom in its citizens, why should it tolerate among its teachers those who reach conclusions that are favorable to dictatorship and despotism? Why should it give freedom and economic security, ultimately at the cost of the public purse, to individuals who hold and defend Fascist or Communist *ideas* or *heresies?* (This question must not be confused with one about the advisability of the employment of *members* of Fascist and Communist organizations.)

The answer to this is that the democratic commitment to the value of freedom is not irrational or arbitrary but grounded in a critical evaluation of the consequences of alternative values especially those embodied in the authoritarian way of life. Another way of saying this is that the commitment of democracy is not merely to freedom, but to the method of *intelligence* in social and political affairs. It is confident that in the honest give and take of discussion and inquiry, the validity of democratic values as compared with conflicting values will sustain itself. The assumption behind the tolerance extended to the teacher who expresses Fascist or Communist views is that he is an *honest* inquirer, that he, too, is in quest of the truth, and that he is not an indoctrinator of precommitted beliefs which he has pledged himself to put over, by fair means or foul, in the classroom, *i.e.*, that he is not a member of a Fascist or Communist organization. This assumption may be hard to make but there is reason to believe it is sometimes true. Where it is not true, then the teacher has disqualified himself in virtue of his intellectual dishonesty, not in virtue of his conclusions. But where it is true, we may learn from his criticisms of democracy, just as he may learn from the criticisms of his colleagues. What is decisive is not the fact that any individual teacher expresses agreement with a Fascist or Communist conclusion but how he reaches it, the quality of his thinking, the nature of the evidence he presents.

THIS analysis of academic freedom consists of variations on the theme that educators must defend the right of heresy against all restrictions. It holds no brief for conspirators, of whatever character, who are organized in effect to destroy the right to heresy. (Nothing I say here should be interpreted as advocating the right to educational conspiracy.) Most people's attitude toward heresy depends upon the nature of the heresy, and who holds it. Some will call for immediate action against a teacher who concludes that there are inherent racial differences, and that Negroes or Chinese are inherently inferior to the Caucasian race, but will defend the right of a teacher to assert that the Soviet Union, despite its concentration camps and periodic

Kill the Umpire!

By Edwin Rolfe

He's the infallible man:
calm, caller of balls and strikes,
hits and errors, fair and foul.
He tells us when we're safe or out.

Each of us desires his favor.
Each has his enemy, his chosen side.
We need not only the big battalions
of bats, but also the aid of God.

And he *is* God. We worship him when
his word delights our partisan eyes.
But when his justice moves the other way,
we rage, we fume, we shout for his blood.
We would follow him home, if we could, through swarming
streets, through alleys, suburbs, country lanes,
creep up on him from behind and kill him—bang!—
with a pop-bottle. We always kill God.

But since we cannot get him, we're content
to kill him in our thoughts, to shout
Unfair! Unfair! Buy him a pair of glasses!
He's blind at a bat! But the game goes on
according to its rules, which he upholds
by eye, by arm, by his called decision.

Each game has its own peculiar laws
and each its own direction, history;
and he who calls the critical turns
is a lonely man, a man without a country,
a prophet without honor in his own land.

We who sit in the grandstand, watching
the home team lose the heart-breaking close ones,
revile him, damn him—the solitary man—
stare at him, dressed in black like a judge,
his face encased in the steel-wired mask,
the eyes behind it steady, wise;

fearing, knowing the outcome, yet
powerless to prevent the sure defeat.

We sit and watch in outraged silence.
We hate him because whatever he says is true.

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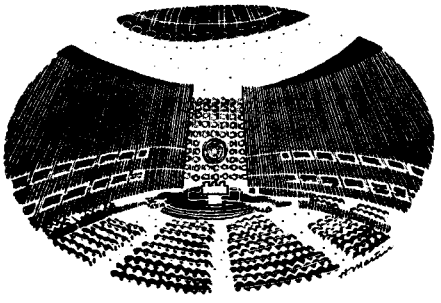
purges, is a "higher" type of democracy than the capitalist democracies of the West. Others will agitate for the expulsion of teachers who reach conclusions similar to the sentiments expressed by the teacher friendly to the Soviet regime but will defend the right of a teacher to assert that Hitler, despite *his* concentration camps and wide practice of genocide, was acting as the savior of Western civilization against the Bolshevik tide. Each group has its own pet aversion and reverses its judgment from issue to issue, or person to person.

Here I am making a plea for tolerance, *within the limits of intellectual integrity and competence*, of all heresies.

This open house to heresy must not be interpreted to mean that a university or college is a community of the fey, the eccentric, or slightly mad vying with each other in exhibitionistic glee to see who can believe more impossible things at once or make the more outrageous remarks. The ordinary canons of selection weed out the obsessed incompetents who father most of the panaceas and cure-all world machines. The normal run of mediocrity fears the glare of attention which focuses upon the heretic. The less it achieves, the more it congratulates itself that its ideas are sane and safe. Indeed, it is arguable that we suffer more from a dearth of heretics, taking them as an unsorted, undifferentiated mass, than from a plethora of them.

The academic community in one essential respect is, or should be, like the scientific community. It should be open to anyone to make a contribution. But he must play according to the rules—the laws of confirmation and evidence in the one case, and the principles of intellectual integrity in the other. A man with a private sense of evidence does not belong in a scientific community: a man who has sworn or pledged himself to follow a party line through thick and thin and insofar abandoned his freedom to think, to choose and act, does not belong in the academic community. It is not only as inquirers into truth that such men forfeit their privileges as members of the academic community but as teachers, too.



The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAN IN THE SHADOW *Rae Foley* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Anti-Red Fed combs Ohio beach resort for agents drugging school kids.	Eeny-meeny technique; characters not wholly credible; pace generally good.	Medium
DEATH AT THE DANCE *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Twin slayings in English village involve Jimmy Waghorn of Yard in several bicycle rambles.	Dr. Priestly, sedentary know-it-all, much less loquacious than usual.	Stock job
THEIR NEAREST AND DEAREST *Bernice Carey* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Cal. lettuce magnate plunked; widow gets ideas; so do other residents.	Characters varied and neatly handled; typically convincing job by capable performer.	Good
DEATH PLAYS THE GRAMOPHONE *Marjorie Stafford* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Murders in Paris, Brussels (same time, same gimmicks) win attention of Don Clive, frockcoated Yank eye.	Setting good, folks mainly plausible, pace pedestrian; action (what there is) as of 1930's.	Tricky
CRIME INVESTIGATION *Paul L. Kirk* (Interscience Publishers: $10)	800-page treatise accenting physical evidence and police lab. work; author is U. Calif. professor.	Solid, thorough; an essential manual for law-enforcement authorities.	Technical requisite
THE ART OF DETECTION *Jacob Fisher* (Sterling Publishing Co.: $2.95)	Competent brief handbook on all phases of crime, murder to shoplifting (orig. Rutgers U. Press issue).	Compact, and good reading in own right; will appeal to writers as well.	Sound job
THE CRIMSON CLUE *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.50)	Kent Murdock, Boston news photog, embalms bodies on film; cops bite nails.	Author has done better, but this, as usual, is ingenious and professional.	Smooth
IF WISHES WERE HEARSES *Gil Cullingsford* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Unpleasant British character turns toes up; villagers plagued by wild surmises.	Excellent humorous characterization; deft handling; nice genre piece.	Pleasant all the way
SPEAK JUSTLY OF THE DEAD *E. C. R. Lorac* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Lady super of British orphanage disposed of; Yard disposes of disposer.	Pleasant setting, credible personnel; pace leisurely but well adapted to situation.	Agreeable
CHINA COASTER *Don Smith* (Holt: $2.75)	Yank skipper, stranded in Orient, finds Reds blocking exit, hacks way out.	Gals clutter trail, as do corpses; bones crack all over place.	Wild
THE DULAG LUFT TRIAL *Eric Cuddon, editor* (British Book Centre: $4)	IX in War Crimes Trial Series: Cruelty to RAF prisoners in German interrogation camp.	Handling similar to that in Notable British Trials: lives up to high standard.	Interesting specialty
COLLECTORS' ITEM *Amber Dean* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Columbia prof., history researching, turns up fresh corpse, missing pay-pers, gal in jam.	Somewhat diffuse and choppy; York State cops good, other personnel so-so.	Medium
THE MARAS AFFAIR *Eliot Reed* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Yank trans-curtain newsman tangles with police state; gal friend in jam.	Moderately exciting, with sinister atmosphere well maintained.	Plus Mark
MURDER IN THE GUNROOM *H. Beam Piper* (Knopf: $2.50)	Firearms collector plunked; Jeff Rand, expert, finds second corpse, solution.	Much skilled chatter about weapons, but yarn itself is nicely ordinary.	Straightforward

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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WRITER, intimate knowledge of Greek drama, t draft modern parallel; material supplied. Telephon Miss Ross, CHelsea 2-7600 (NYC).

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Interesting mineral, called "loadstone" when possessing polarity.

B. Neglected.

C. Regular recurrence of like features in a composition (fine arts).

D. Disposed of in a certain kind of lottery (with "off").

E. Describing a position of popular favor or fashion (3 wds.).

F. Radical republicans, violent revolutionists (comp.).

G. Ancient Egyptian king whose deeds of building, etc. were attributed to a mythical "Sesostris."

H. One of the attributes of Shakespeare's seventh age of man ("As You Like It").

I. Commander, Amer. troops during Boxer Rebellion, 1900.

J. A good color for St. Patrick's Day (2 wds.).

K. Linnaeus's German botanical illustrator (1710-70).

L. What the children of Israel complained to Moses and Aaron about having left behind in Egypt (Exodus).

WORDS

20 31 122 11 43 138 165 97 50

77 38 150 32 33 18 104

51 5 91 151 98 42

44 192 96 178 40 60 19

53 89 163 66 80 130 168 39 191

141 37 182 189 52 129 46 127 59 156

3 155

12 124 87 121 28 158 190

183 147 133 67 70 15 92 160

186 34 102 81 36 112 75

79 55 125 120 4 167 72 27 99 144

176 164 76 107 24

131 83 9 54 74 142 159 193 65

DEFINITIONS

M. Great regard.

N. Source of danger to vessels near land in stormy weather (2 wds.).

O. Author, 1932, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing."

P. Father of Alfred the Great (d. 858).

Q. Vehicle drawn by three horses, harnessed one behind the other.

R. A side road.

S. Marked nasal resonance.

T. Divination by observation of birds' flight, etc.

U. Herb used to fatten cattle, SW U.S. (*Actinea linearifolia*).

V. Confederate major general whose skirmishing troops unexpectedly brought on the three-day battle of Gettysburg.

W. Specifying one whose mental imagery is prevailingly visual (comp.).

X. To shine.

Y. Caliban's mother ("The Tempest").

WORDS

169 101 29 82 90 173

187 35 13 58 180 143 86 123

126 181 109 85 145

194 1 30 114 161 153 184 84 128

113 171 16 56 132 26

8 162 61 6 152

175 170 146 22 118 68 136 177 166 103

183

95 139 116 25 135 106 88 14 21 93

78 41

179 154 149 119 69 105 111 110 45 7

2 71 134 157

140 23 10 100 115 108 64 48 17

185 57 172 148 62 73 94

195 47 117 174 63 137 49

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 P	2 V	3 F	4 J	■	5 C	6 R	7 U	■	8 R	9 L	10 W	11 A	■	12 G	13 N	14 T
15 H	16 Q	17 W	18 B	19 D	■	20 A	21 T	22 S	23 W	■	24 K	25 T	26 Q	27 J	28 G	■
29 M	30 P	31 A	32 B	■	33 B	34 I	35 N	■	36 I	37 F	38 B	39 E	40 D	41 T	■	42 C
43 A	44 D	45 U	46 F	47 Y	■	48 W	49 Y	50 A	51 C	52 F	53 E	54 L	55 J	56 Q	■	57 X
■	58 N	59 F	60 D	61 R	62 X	63 Y	64 W	65 L	66 E	67 H	68 S	■	69 U	70 H	71 V	72 J
■	73 X	74 L	75 I	■	76 K	77 B	78 T	79 J	80 E	81 I	82 M	83 L	84 P	85 O	86 N	■
87 G	88 T	89 E	90 M	91 C	■	92 H	93 T	94 X	■	95 T	96 D	■	97 A	98 C	99 J	100 W
■	101 M	102 I	103 S	104 B	■	105 U	106 T	107 K	108 W	■	109 O	110 U	■	111 U	112 I	113 Q
114 P	■	115 W	116 T	■	117 Y	118 S	119 U	120 J	121 G	122 A	123 N	■	124 G	125 J	126 O	■
127 F	128 P	■	129 F	130 E	■	131 L	132 Q	133 H	134 V	■	135 T	136 S	137 Y	138 A	■	139 T
140 W	141 F	142 L	143 N	144 J	145 O	146 S	147 H	148 X	149 U	150 B	151 C	152 R	■	153 P	154 U	155 F
■	156 F	157 V	158 G	■	159 L	160 H	161 P	162 R	■	163 E	164 K	165 A	166 S	167 J	■	168 E
169 M	■	170 S	171 Q	172 X	■	173 M	174 Y	175 S	176 K	■	177 S	178 D	■	179 U	180 N	181 O
182 F	■	183 H	184 P	185 X	■	186 I	187 N	188 S	189 F	190 G	191 E	192 D	193 L	194 P	195 Y	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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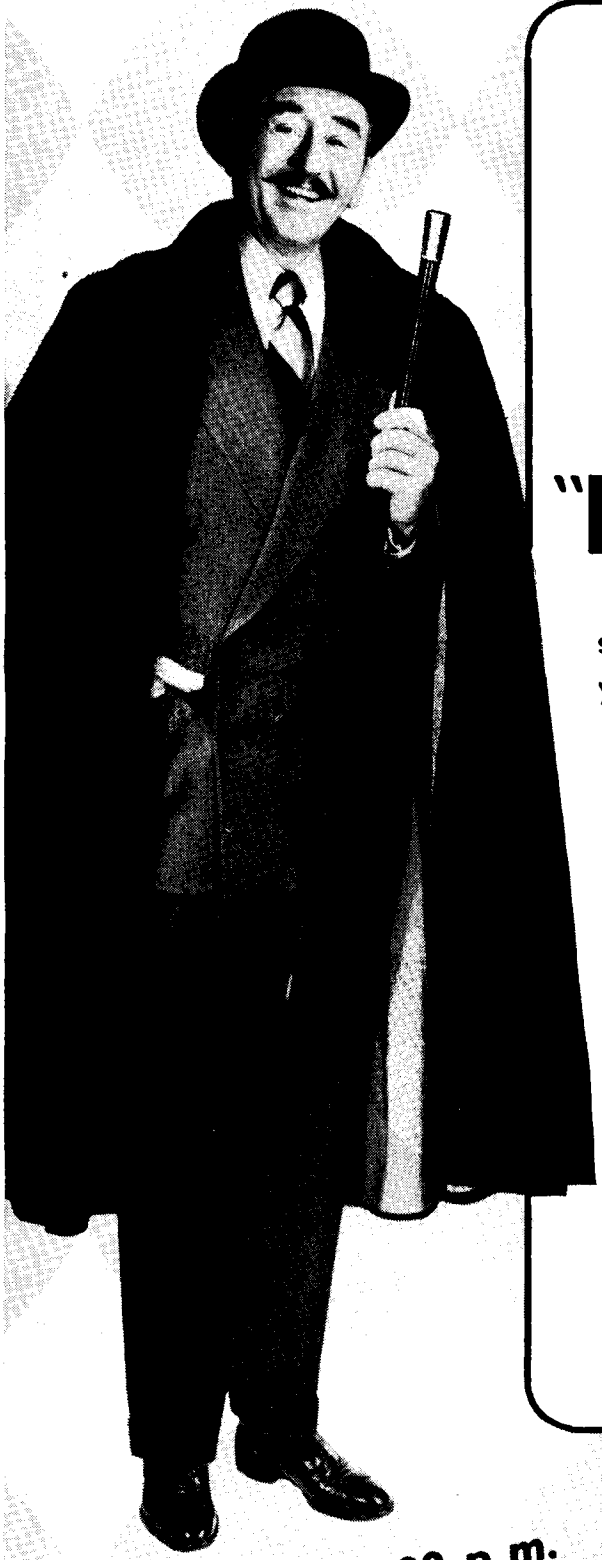

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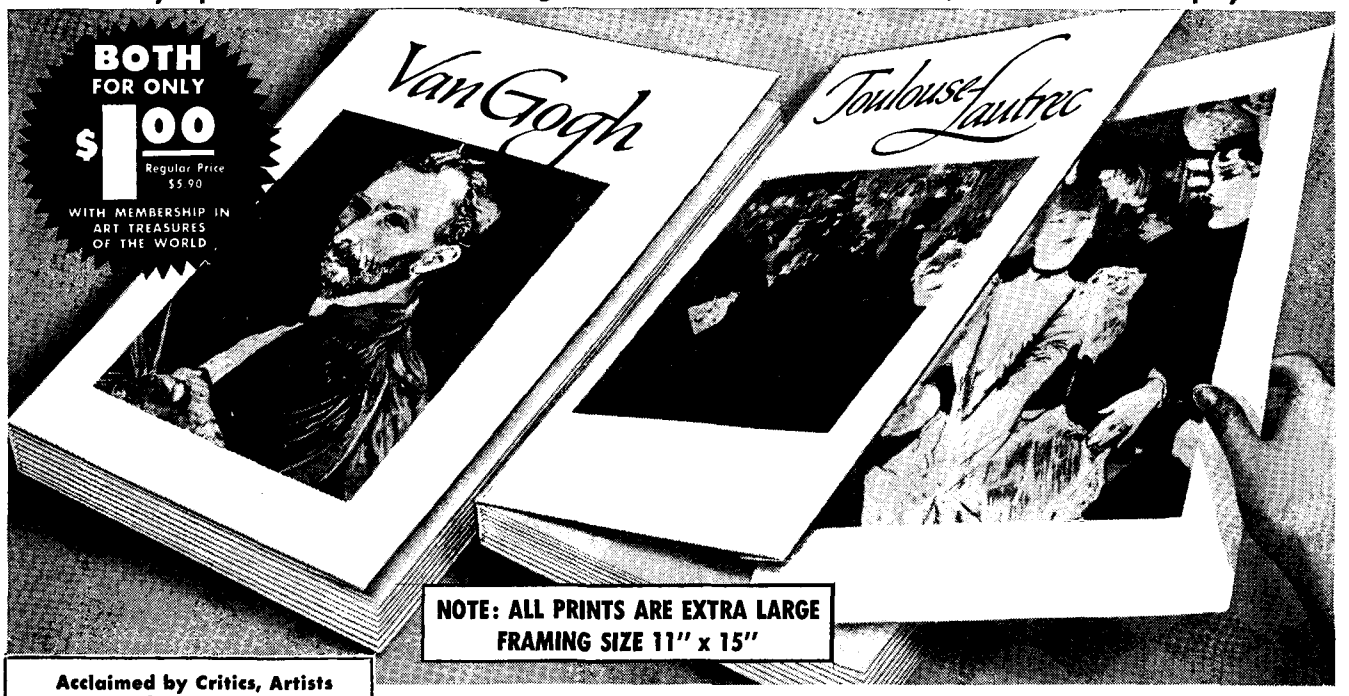
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